JOHN BULL, week ending April 17, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1922

3D EVERY THURSDAY

MISTAKE OF THE CLOSED DOOR By The EDITOR

NEW TARGETS FOR TO-MORROW

HOW JAPS WILL BE BEATEN By A.G.G.

guarding the flock ...—

From the ends of the earth they come . . . .
our precious ships and their brave crews
through peril of storm stalked by wolves
the wolves of the sea—
the U-boats in packs.
But the Navy is there—
and overhead the planes—spotting—
bringing the convoy Home with its urgent load.
Food, raw materials,
Oil for the tanks, Munitions—
to feed the gathering force of the great assault—
the final blow !
Precious cargoes precious men—
and the wolves are many.
They multiply, they swarm.
They prowl ceaselessly.
But the convoy comes home, for our planes are overhead
Spotting, swooping, striking—
guarding the flock.

* * * *

What are we on the home front doing in the war against the U-boats ? It is our part to work harder and to save more . . . . to stop waste, to save food and fuel and CUT OUR SPENDING. That is the vital support which we must give to the seamen and the airmen who risk their lives for us. The great thing at this moment when the dawn is breaking is to SAVE MORE.

...— Wings for Victory

Issued by the National Savings Committee

ORANGES—ORANGES

NOTHING BUT ORANGES

IN HARTLEY'S WARTIME MARMALADE

RETIRING FOR THE PRESENT ON ACTIVE WARTIME SERVICE

A recent Ministry of Food decree makes it impossible for us to continue the manufacture of our world-famous Aintree Marmalade. But it remains our ideal of what a really perfect marmalade should be and we look forward to its early return. In the meantime we have set to work to make a really first-rate marmalade. Half the oranges in it are the finest that come from Seville, the other half being sweet. These blended with sugar ensure the very best product that can be made today. Look out for its green label—and remember, it's oranges, oranges, oranges all the way in this grand new marmalade in the good old Hartley 'home-made' tradition.

H15

New Mother Hubbard

The dogs of war need an endless supply of bones — bones for explosives, for glue, for feeding stuffs, for fertilisers. But too often "the cupboard is bare" and valuable shipping must be used to import bones from abroad.

What do I do?

I save *all* bones, large or small, from meat, poultry or game — but not from fish.

I remove all meat and gristle, and dry the bones before a fire or on the kitchen boiler, or in the oven — utilising the waste heat after cooking.

I put them in the bone bin in the street or in a clean and ventilated metal container — such as an old saucepan with a loose fitting lid, ready for the Salvage Collector when he calls.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

Happier!

..she's eating

MORE WEETABIX

—that's why!

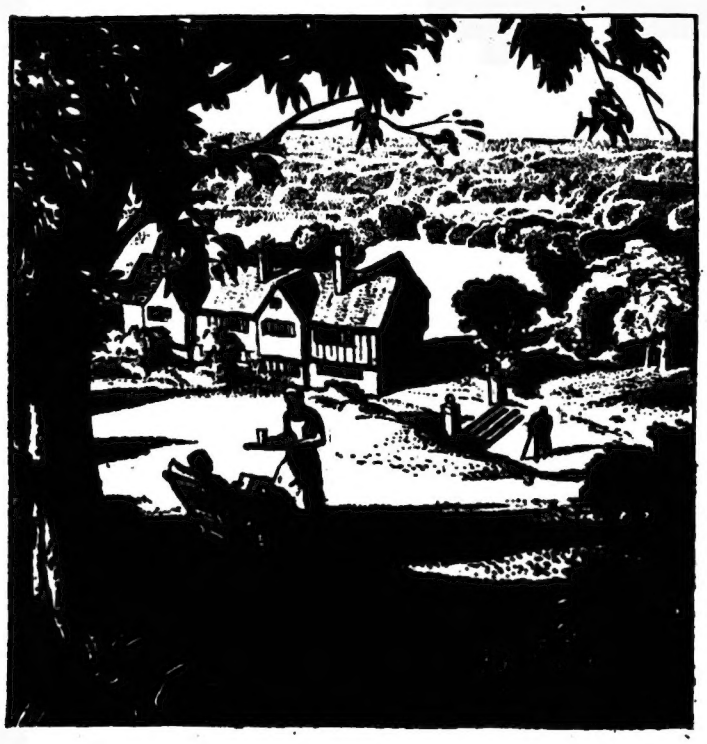
Weetabix is quite the finest food-basis for "happy childhood's future years." Instantly ready to serve; nice with a little margarine or butter, or with fresh or Household Milk and in many other tempting ways. But Weetabix has recently been "zoned," which means that for the time being you may or may not be able to get it, depending on where you live. "Zoning" saves transport, petrol, rubber, man-power and thus helps to hasten victory and peace. Weetabix, like lots of other good things, will then abundantly *and everywhere* return!

Weetabix

more than a Breakfast Food

SMALL SIZE 8 POINTS 7½ LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 15

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants. WX26



Children have a special claim to Horlicks
—*please leave it for them*

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

RIDE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

. . . . both hands free for steering or signalling. Ease with safety, in and out of traffic. A simple backward pressure *with the foot* and you brake SAFELY in a second.

No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

PERRY

COASTER

BRAKE HUB

FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

Please apply to your dealer or factor.

for natural pedalling

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

Brush and mend your WINTER CLOTHES

Your warm overcoat, frock, suit and underwear will have to see you through next winter. If you give them the right care and attention *now*, they will look fresher and wear better when their turn comes round again. Here are some hints.

1. Get your clothes as clean and dust-free as possible before you put them away. Woollen jumpers, sweaters, etc., should be carefully washed. Coats, frocks and suits should be thoroughly brushed—*dust, dirt and stains attract the moth.*

2. Mend or patch anything that needs attention and see to loose or missing buttons.

3. Tack down pleats, pocket openings, revers and sew up buttonholes if you want your things to look really well after their rest.

4. When hanging heavy garments see that their weight is evenly balanced. Skirts should be hung by two loops from the waistband; notches cut in the hanger will keep them in place.

5. Clothes which cannot be hung up should be folded over bunched-up newspaper to prevent creases.

P.S.—You may want your warm clothing at short notice so put everything away in the condition in which you would like to wear it.

Beware the Moth Out-of-sight must not mean out-of-mind; give the things you put away a thorough brushing and airing occasionally and examine them frequently for moth. *Remember, it's the grub that eats your clothes*: keep a special look-out for it under collars and in turnings.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 17, 1943.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

NAZI LOOT

● **There will be no reparations this time.**

We learned from the last "peace" that to extract huge payments in money or goods from a beaten enemy throws the economic machinery of the whole world out of gear.

But there will be restitution.

Banking and business on the Continent are almost entirely under German financial domination. That is clear from a report just published by the Allied Governments in London.

But this situation will not be tolerated after the war

Plans are already under way to make Germany disgorge her loot from the Occupied Countries; the finest accountants of the United Nations are to be mobilised to supervise the process.

All businesses and shares "transferred" from their rightful owners to greedy Goering and his crafty friends will be cancelled.

All shares bought back from German ownership by Bourse transactions will become State property and help to re-establish the victim country's finances.

Preparations are also being made on a big scale to recover stolen art treasures.

Straight from the Shoulder

END IN SIGHT

HITLER'S birthday next Tuesday should be the grimmest of all his fifty-four years.

That finer ascetic, Cripps, who was born four days later, is satisfied that the supply of four-engined bombers to strike still more heavily at Germany will keep pace with the demand.

In Tunisia, the inevitable and inexorable end is in sight. It will doubtless be made the beginning of greater events.

Already there is intense naval activity at Gibraltar.

Ripe and Rotten

It is watched with anxiety by the Italians.

Their country, rotten to the core, as soft as an over-ripe pear, has lost its main bulwark against invasion in the steadily culminating defeat of Rommel.

Short of Petrol

The German marshal has served his master well. Against terrific odds, he has fought as clever a delaying action as any on record.

But it is only fair to ourselves to say that he has not only been outbludgeoned but out-foxed into a perilous tactical position by that "vehement and formidable general, a Cromwellian figure, austere, severe, accomplished, tireless"—Montgomery.

Now he is desperately, hopelessly short of petrol for the remnants of his mechanised forces.

Aerial Dunkirk

So short that he is attempting to ferry it across by transport plane, though the R.A.F. sees that most of it is emptied into the Mediterranean.

His air losses are indeed prodigious, but he may well be tempted into the biggest hazard of his gambler's career and try to flee by plane with what he can save.

Trapped

The mountains around Bizerta, the underground fortifications built by the French, might enable him to hold us up for months, but for his lack of supplies.

Rather than struggle like a rat in a trap until his strength is exhausted, therefore, his only alternative is to provide the R.A.F. and the Royal Navy with an opportunity to convert a Dunkirk into a Stalingrad.

Hitler's Next Move

An immense air force will then be released to join in the attack on Europe.

Dare the enemy wait passively for that onslaught? Will he not try for the last time to seal the Mediterranean? By marching into Spain, by seizing the opposite shores of Spanish Morocco, he might yet prevent us from reducing our shipping life-line by two-thirds.

Alternatives

Without active Spanish collaboration, such a campaign would lengthen Hitler's own supply lines—a liability he can no longer afford.

What are the alternatives? To attack Turkey would bring another million bayonets against him, and the magnificent Turkish infantry is now being reinforced by British aircraft.

To attempt an aerial diversion against Britain itself might well delay our plans for new offensives, yet so weaken the *Luftwaffe* as to make our final task all the easier.

In the East

More likely is it that the Germans will still pin their faith to the Eastern Front.

Heavy rail movements are taking place behind their lines.

Blunted

Yet immediate developments are unlikely. The Nazi battering ram in Russia is still solid, but its nose has been blunted.

The resharpening process can hardly be completed before late Spring or early summer, and even then could not be half so keen-edged as when it was first used.

Our Silent Friends

Our Soviet friends, doubtless, are no less busy. They have become silent, and Russian silence usually means preparations for attack.

Here, again, *early* attack is not to be expected.

Electric trains may be running again at Stalingrad, but it will take far longer to make good the losses sustained by the Soviet army and economic system.

Strong Hints

In London, however, Russia is not silent. M. Maisky has spoken again—and why shouldn't he?

This time there is confidence in his voice. He declares that Moscow expects the Anglo-American armies to be battering Germany from the West *before long*. And the Greek Minister of War states publicly that it will not be long before we invade his country.

Boris Declines

Bulgaria's ships have been ordered to return to port; her King Boris has refused to attack the Russians at Hitler's behest, though he will oppose any Allied invasion.

In any case, the Balkans offer an excellent site for a great diversionary attack, but the mountainous country would provide no easy path to Berlin.

It is in the West or through the Central Mediterranean that our main assault will most likely be directed.

To Bomb Tokio

In the Far East action is foreshadowed by the establishment of American air bases within bombing range of Tokio

But in Burma the coming of the monsoon will bring our small-scale campaign to a disappointing and disillusioning close.

We must face the facts that a full-scale war will be needed to regain Burma, and that an occasional raid on Tokio will give no relief to the isolated Chinese armies.

U-Boat Peril

Nearer home, the round-the-clock bombing of Europe rightly whets our imagination and deserves even more publicity than it receives.

It will grow even heavier now that American bombers are beginning to arrive in numbers which bear some relation to schedule. But it must not persuade us that the Germans are cracking under the strain or distract attention from the under-sea peril.

Neck or Nothing

Germany aims at balancing the bombing of her cities by our losses at sea. She is willing to sacrifice aircraft output for U-boat production.

We must redress the losses by building more ships. A new ship, however, is no compensation for a ship sunk with its crew and cargo.

This or That

The only positive remedy, we are told, is the provision of more destroyers. But the next speaker—or the same speaker in the next breath—is apt to tell us that the decisive remedy lies in stronger air escorts and new devices.

In this fourth year of war, the Cabinet should have made up its mind.

Retrospect

In the fourth year of the last war, we had beaten the U-boat and were strongly entrenched in Europe.

This time, we are still being bedevilled by the U-boat and have yet to breach the forbidding defences of an almost entirely Germanised Europe.

Coming to London

But at least we are preparing for a saner peace than in 1918. Mr. Eden's talks in Washington were highly promising; they will be continued by a visit of Mr. Sumner Welles to London this summer

It would be wise if he arranged to go on to Moscow. Last year, such a move would have been premature; thanks to wise leadership, most Americans have come to realise that it will be *desirable* as well as equitable for the Soviet Union to play its full part in a new world structure.

Here in Britain

Herbert Morrison continues his task of giving equally wise guidance to politically backward Britons.

His advocacy of public ownership of coal, gas, electricity and transport has provoked far less protest from the unenlightened than might have been expected, and there are other signs of hope.

State Control

Note that all three Parties are broadly in agreement on the future of agriculture. It is significant that the Conservative Party's post-war plans, though adverse to State ownership of the land, favour State control

Witness, too, the emphasis given by a Conservative Minister, Capt. Lyttelton, to the need for an immense programme of rehousing and social improvement.

Overdue

Necessary for such a programme is the *immediate* production of a satisfactory Town and Country Planning Bill to implement the Uthwatt Report

Without it, planners are unable to proceed with building, road and other essential projects, and the staff of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning has a comfortable office but no authority.

The peace may not wait upon the Government's pleasure. The people, at any rate, are anxious to begin the job of making the peace worth-while.

(Continued overleaf)

"WE'VE BEEN BOMBED, BLASTED, MACHINE-GUNNED, AND NOW FLOODED OUT"—

Mr. H. A. Purcell, of Whitstable, in acknowledging cheque received from "John Bull," writes: "We've been bombed, blasted, machine-gunned, and now flooded out, but there was always the happy thought behind it all—that 'John Bull' would be there with a helping hand."

In addition to an unparalleled FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE, underwritten at Lloyd's, "John Bull" offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection for readers' household and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, ETC.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from John Bull's "Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WHO said that Bumble was dead? He's very much alive—in the Ministry of Pensions.

But nowadays he doesn't merely refuse requests for more. He insists that applicants should take less—or nothing at all.

Means Test

An Army sergeant was killed in North Africa. As he was formerly a police officer in Newcastle the city council granted a temporary pension to his widow and baby daughter.

Hearing of this, the Ministerial Mr. Bumble has deducted 3s. 10d. a week from the child's allowance of 9s. 6d.

No! No! No!

But often he does worse than that. He just says No.

He has said it to a man who, before he joined the Merchant Navy, had a clean bill of health.

Portholes closed for safety aren't good for health. A jailbird is allowed more space than a seaman. And, like many others, this man contracted tuberculosis. But he has been denied pension because the disease can't be ascribed to a physical injury caused by enemy action!

Doing Justice

The only safeguard against pensions injustice lies in an independent appeal tribunal. Not much longer shall we or should we have to wait for such a tribunal.

Meanwhile, justice is not done by the Ministry. It is done in the eye.

Falling Coal

Less than justice will be done if the miners are reproached because their output is still falling.

The fourth year of war and its artificial conditions must inevitably reduce the efficiency of heavy workers—as we predicted more than a year ago.

Rebuke

A handful of young workers may be slacking. Most are doing their utmost. And they are apt to resent the generalisations of such men as a Cannock Chase minister, the Rev. W. H. Toplis.

He talks of "drifters" who "go to work because they are made to" and who "make a poor job of it, going to the pictures three or four times a week or joining the monkey parade in Market Street."

High Figures

Why shouldn't men on night shift go to the cinema in the morning? And doesn't this Hednesford minister know that young miners pay dearly for their pleasures—and their wages?

One in five miners receives compensatable injuries every year; one in twenty-five is so badly hurt as to be totally disabled for more than six months.

It's safer in the pulpit.

Hunting in Comfort

Unfortunately, when miners read of petrol being issued so that fox-hunting can continue, they may be tempted to think that the fuel position is better than Government spokesmen would have us imagine. It isn't.

Whitehall Moved

Nor is the raw materials situation. But one scrap metal merchant, having removed a lot of nice ornamental railings from private gardens and graves in a cemetery, took them along to a blacksmith to have them made into flagstaffs for a golf course.

Luckily, someone talked. Whitehall heard—and acted. The railings have now gone to an official salvage dump.

Economy, So-called

Lord Woolton has similar trouble with people who can't realise the need to save materials, money and men.

He started a scheme to amalgamate local food offices. It affected one district where both a rural and an urban food office existed, but the urban district council opposed the economy.

So the clerk to the council has been appointed food executive officer for the new joint office.

Everybody Happy!

He won't be able to spare much time for that, being fully engaged with his council duties. But he'll be paid for it, while most of the work will be done by his chief assistant—the efficient head of the former rural office who receives no rise in salary.

● **In a much-bombed town on the S.E. Coast, a crippled woman waited all night for her son to return home from work. Next day, a friend of the missing man told her that his factory had been hit early the previous morning.**

Unable to walk the distance herself, she sent a neighbour to the police station. A young constable refused to make a 'phone inquiry and advised her to wire to the factory!

Anyhow he added, there had been no deaths and very little damage done.

The mother has since been called to identify her son's body.

So, not for the first time, JOHN BULL demands that the authorities should improve after-bombing arrangements.

In at least one other area, a rather similar position has arisen.

Revolt

Local councils, indeed, are hard to beat. At Harrow, 2,800 wardens and 5,000 fire guards are refusing to recognise the appointment of a chief warden.

The county council has also shown its displeasure, but the council's emergency committee remain stubborn.

No Answer

In Islington, a member of the rescue service has waged a newspaper campaign and held a public meeting to make allegations of incompetency against certain Civil Defence officials.

Officialdom will neither answer his charges nor hold the inquiry he demands.

Servant or Master!

When this war is over, local authorities will have to be taught that they are the servants and not the masters of the public.

Meanwhile, rule by the full council and not by a small emergency committee should be restored.

Hi-de-Hi Colonel!

A Matlock reader had his property confiscated and his tenants turned out; it was said to be required for the use of Col. Gates, but now, a year later, is still empty. The owner's complaints to the War Office have not been answered.

It is only a regrettable coincidence, we hope, that the Hi-de-Hi colonel is alleged to have boasted of having influence at the War Office.

Doing Little

A Yorkshire girl liked her job with a firm engaged wholly on official contracts. Owing to shortage of staff she worked willingly up to eight or even eleven at night and gave up her Sundays to market gardening.

Her employer sought her deferment in vain. She is now in the A.T.S., "bored stiff with having little to do."

Hope Abandoned!

Girls of her age in Government offices obtain deferment, yet Whitehall is not the only place where office work is indispensable.

But we have given up hope that High Authority will ever realise it.

Three Years

Nor have we much hope that the tortoise-like gait of Authority can be hastened.

A London reader applied for an allotment early in 1940. It cannot be much consolation for him to know that his name is still on the waiting list.

Passing the Buck

A Yorkshire headmaster received permission to keep pigs near the school. But he needs a licence to buy £3 worth of timber for the styes.

So far he has been referred from the Ministry of Supply (which wanted to know if his school was an educational establishment) to the Board of Education, the War Agricultural Committee, the West Riding County Council and the Divisional Officer for Education. Eventually, no doubt, he'll be referred back to the Ministry of Supply.

Paper Chase

For the third time in a year, a London reader has received printed warning that he has not yet completed his fuel assessment form. That's odd, for he has twice attended the St. Pancras fuel office and watched a clerk complete the form. And so it goes on.

Hard Times

Two elderly women, who lost their husbands in the last war, were bombed out of their little shop on the East Coast. They began business again in the Midlands, but clothes rationing forced them to put up the shutters.

Their purse grew leaner; they had to ask the local council if the rates could be eased as they had closed the shop and were just living over it.

Compassion

An official arrived by car to inspect the property. He found that, before the women took over the tenancy, the landlord had fitted a small bathroom.

And now the rates have been increased. The moral appears to be that local authorities should never be asked to show a little human consideration.

Not so Quiet

Those seeking a restful country life will not now find it in the job of a railway crossing keeper, owing to the increase in goods trains.

One Scottish woman cannot even go shopping until her husband comes home; the trains continue until one or two in the morning and begin again at 6.30 a.m. Pay for this twenty-hour day is 13s. 10d. a week.

Doing Well

More cheerful is the news that a great wool firm has declared a dividend of 21 per cent. The same firm that refused a wage increase to its workers last year, and then demanded higher prices from the Wool Control.

Either the Control is paying it too much or it is paying its workers too little.

No Pay

Which reminds us that some part-time rural firemen are getting far too little. To qualify for their retainer of £12 a year they have to serve 96 hours a month, and that is apt to seem a pretty long duty if the pay is months in arrears.

Unless the N.F.S. cashiers are mobilised for action, those part-timers may lose interest in the job.

England's Defence

A newspaper headline—"England May Make Changes in Defence"—must have caused excited heart flutterings to Dr. Goebbels' lynx-eyed agents.

It referred, of course, to next Saturday's England *v.* Scotland Soccer match. No doubt an "England Defeated" headline would finally convince them that any nation which takes its sport so seriously could never be defeated on any other field.

Behind the News

● **Thousands of men in the Occupied Countries, though violent anti-Nazis, have volunteered to "work for Hitler"—to get a chance for sabotage and anti-Nazi propaganda in Germany itself. Specially trained and operating to plan, they are beating the Gestapo.**

● *Ribbentrop's fate depends on success of his recent mission to Mussolini. Unless Italy carries out Hitler's orders for defence of the Axis under-belly he will be replaced.*

● Spy-scare is haunting Germany. For the first time in months, Nazi Press publishes reports of plots by "young Communists" in Berlin.

● **So many German air aces have recently been killed in action that pilots now regard the Knight's Cross, Hitler's favourite decoration, as a bad omen.**

● *A show-down is coming soon on Vichy island of Martinique. Two attempts by pro-Nazi Governor Admiral Robert to ship home £30,000,000 in gold—which the Nazis need badly—have been frustrated.*

● **Turkey, China and Brazil have sent military missions to study Eighth Army battle tactics and supply technique.**

● **Slovak conscripts on the Russian front have given so much trouble that Nazis have shot every tenth man.**

● *In Finland, all women have been called-up; those between seventeen and twenty-five will remain conscripted until 1950.*

● In France, all roads, railways, factories, power-stations and other utilities are to be guarded night and day.

● **Hungary has ceased issuing communiqués regarding its troops in Russia, so great have been the casualties and the effects at home.**

● *Nazi and Italian ambassadors in Tokio have demanded weekly conferences with Jap foreign minister because Western Axis partners are being ignored in Far East policy.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR

MIST

BEHIND closed doors, being planned. Health experts and brains of the Civil Servi on a scheme which will a the land.

They are conferring health service suggested Report.

A hopeful start, it may BULL is uneasy and dubiou

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By the EDITOR

MISTAKE of the CLOSED DOOR

BEHIND closed doors, a social revolution is being planned. Doctors, Ministry of Health experts and some of the keenest brains of the Civil Service are hard at work on a scheme which will affect every family in the land.

They are conferring on the new national health service suggested by the Beveridge Report.

A hopeful start, it may be thought. But JOHN BULL is uneasy and dubious.

It would be foolish to criticise the appearance of a chicken before it emerged from its shell. But if the egg is addled, what hope is there that a healthy chicken will be hatched?

And this particular egg smells to high heaven.

Remember, first, that Sir William Beveridge proposed a completely reformed hospital service—based, not on charity, but on the right of every citizen to the best medical treatment that modern science could provide.

That must be the linch-pin of any national and really adequate health service. The Government has knocked it away.

Again, it is self-evident that adequate supplies of clean milk are essential to keep the nation fit.

But from five to ten per cent. of farms in this country are sending out dirty milk—milk containing tubercle germs.

So it is not surprising that some 2,000 deaths a year are due to tuberculosis of *bovine origin*.

Hundreds of cases of undulant fever, outbreaks of diphtheria, septic sore throat and scarlet fever traced to the same cause.

In any plan to improve the nation's health, therefore, veterinary science should be regarded as an integral factor.

It is not being so regarded. In this respect, again, the Government is content with partial measures.

It does not enforce its own Milk and Dairy Orders, which would allow the trouble to be tackled at source.

Nothing—or very little—is being done to clean up the infected herds. Instead, it is proposed to pasteurise all the milk "bulked" in big towns in an attempt to kill the germs that are already in the milk.

Thus, citizens of big towns are not allowed fresh milk. Whereas people in other districts are allowed fresh milk which may none the less contain the seeds of disease!

IT is equally absurd, as any good doctor will tell you, to consider a patient's health without paying attention to his teeth.

The unpleasant truth is that the teeth of our nation are rotten.

Yes, it can be put as crudely as that. Blunt language is necessary to stress the size of the problem which must be tackled before the British people can become an A 1 nation.

We know the problem can be solved. The school dental service has provided an admirable example of organised dental benefits.

But to build up a similar service for all the adults of the country will call for thousands more dentists than we have at present.

It may mean the end of private practice. It will demand a large number of well-equipped clinics.

Above all, it must rest on absolute collaboration with other branches of medicine. Dentist and doctor will have to work together—if not side by side.

Well, here again something is being done. Something, but not enough.

The Government has set up a committee to talk about a national dental service, to encourage more young people to enter the profession, and to promote dental research.

Another watertight compartment! Another instalment of piecemeal progress! Another failure to make one branch of health work dovetail into a complete and ordered whole!

True, the Minister of Health promised last week to bring together "all the various loose strands" of our piecemeal medical organisations into a complete national service.

But there is no sign of this aim in the "Strictly Private" and unco-ordinated negotiations now taking place.

What, then, are the medical experts debating and arguing behind closed doors?

They are discussing the extension of the panel system to every family in the land, and the danger is that the scheme they are hammering out behind closed doors may become a closed preserve.

Yet this vast subject is not one to be decided only by the doctors left in private practice and the Civil Servants who will have to work the scheme they eventually approve.

What of the great number of young doctors now in the Forces? Are they to have no voice in deciding their future career?

What, above all, of the millions of men and women who will be their patients?

Plainly, the general public should not be kept in the dark. Its views should be sought *before* the elderly heads of the medical profession and a handful of clever Whitehall administrators plan the terms on which we shall be allowed to seek good health.

The other day British Medical Association delegates from branches all over the country met in secret to appoint a committee to discuss details with the Ministry of Health.

Secretly they debated, among other things, whether doctors should be free to carry on private practice under a compulsory scheme which would, so to speak, put the whole nation on the panel!

We understand that opinion was fairly evenly divided among the doctors on this important point, and that a decision was deferred until after consultation with the Ministry of Health.

But, again, what about *us*, the potential patients? Many of us might prefer to pay for private consultations even though we were compulsorily insured. Many panel patients do so now. Are we and they to be allowed *no* opinion?

Eventually, of course, the decisions reached will be made known to the man and woman in the street, the unrepresented doctors, nurses, health visitors and everyone else affected by the present discussions.

A Bill will have to be presented to Parliament; M.P.s will be able to debate it clause by clause.

But, after all, is that an adequate safeguard in these abnormal times, when the Government can count on "rubber-stamp" backing, when millions of young people are disfranchised and millions more older people have lost their vote because they have changed their address since war began?

WE, the people, may have no opportunity to judge for ourselves unless we put a stop now to the hush-hush of the benevolent conspirators.

We have the right to demand that the negotiations should be conducted openly, and that the agreed proposals should be published in the form of a White Paper before a Bill is drawn up.

Finally—and this is the most important point of all—the Government should survey the question of the nation's health as a whole.

Doctors, dentists, hospitals, clinics, veterinary surgeons, are all essential partners, not separate agents, in the business of health.

That business must be reformed into an organised and comprehensive service, no longer split into independent groups for the purposes of patchwork repairs.

Can't Someone Stop This Nonsense?

RED Tape threatens to choke the war effort.

Why no progress with those 3,000 farm labourers' cottages which Mr. Ernest Brown has grudgingly authorised?

Because eleven different authorities have to be consulted before one is started—each with its own forms.

* * *

Farmers aren't surprised. Up to date they have had to familiarise themselves with 111 different rules, and more arrive weekly.

If one devotes a week or so to some urgent growing problem, he may find fifty forms have accumulated for his attention.

The Ministry of Food has issued no fewer than 8,198 rules, of which the harassed grocer must know 1,000.

He buys them in batches at 1d. to 3d. the batch. A recent official book making them clearer to him—some are almost unintelligible to the non-legal mind—cost 1s.

One small grocer estimates he has spent £12 8s. 8d. on them.

All Ministries are at it.

More than 400 Orders have poured out of Whitehall offices (or their seaside annexes!) this year—costing pennies, tuppences, even sixpences.

The Board of Trade is the worst offender.

It has issued eight closely printed pages dealing with the shirts, neckbands, and shirt-tails.

Yet thousands of men still have to buy shirt-sleeves they don't want!

Another Order deals with the rings for keeping umbrellas neat!

To a man who wanted an extra pocket in his Utility suit for business reasons, the Board of Trade sent, recently, a 363-word letter which the average man could scarcely understand—asking for details!

The Ministry of Food's worst kink is the legal definition, such as:

A grower in relation to any rhubarb includes any person in whom the property in rhubarb is vested before the severance thereof from the land.

There are people who allege that all this makes for greater efficiency! Let's see!

* * *

Six Scottish munition factories needed factory boilers. They had always bought them from Scottish firms which, at that moment, were not fully occupied.

But Red Tape ruled that the plates be sent from Scotland to England, assembled, and returned to Scotland as boilers by road.

One firm found its new boiler would burn only special coal from Wales—and at least Scottish boiler-makers make boilers that burn local fuel efficiently!

Then a manufacturer of Lancaster bomber parts wanted labour and found a good source.

Bureaucracy said: "Yes, but you can't have it! There are firms with priority."

Those firms with priority wanted the workers to make Lancaster bombers which couldn't be made until this firm supplied the spare parts—which shortage of staff prevented them doing!

* * *

This mad whirl of Red Tape handicaps every one of us—even in our homes.

A baby moved several times from one district to another—sometimes essential in war time—may be months without milk, fruit juices and other necessities if it stays nowhere longer than a fortnight.

By the time the Food Office has juggled with forms, the baby has gone.

We have seen questionnaires which local departments of Ministries have sent to citizens without any possible justification—and which nobody would fill in unless completely ignorant of the law.

In the interests of a speedier victory, we must fight this dissipation of the nation's energy!

FOOTNOTE: The Eighth Army moved from El Alamein to the Tunisian border without a single written order.

DEAR SIR,—Your colonial policy seems to be negative. That of the Labour Party is positive.

"Hands off the Colonies!" you cry. "Give the colonial peoples a helping hand!" is Labour's demand.

Such is my interpretation of the present position. It will not be long, I hope, before public opinion persuades you and the Cabinet as a whole to be less conservative in dealing with the fifty-odd million people whose future is your responsibility.

Certainly the Government has hinted to Washington that it would be willing to follow an international policy in our overseas possessions, so long as such arrangements did not interfere with internal colonial affairs.

But it is precisely in the "internal affairs" that we find most to criticise.

Don't let us beat about the bush. Too many of our Colonies are ridden by autocracy, illiteracy, disease, and malnutrition—to say nothing of labour laws that would have seemed harsh even in the Dark Ages.

As the Labour Party statement drily remarks, autocracy "is no more attractive when exercised by Chiefs or Emirs in Africa than by Fuehrers and Duces in Europe."

We should hold the Colonies in trust for the inhabitants, and not use them as areas for exploitation.

We must train the native peoples to enable them in "the shortest possible time to govern themselves."

That means we must make elementary education available to all children. We must scrap the infamous colour bar. We should be far more energetic in our campaign against disease.

The standard of life should be raised by a ten-year development plan for each colony.

As for external affairs, we should so alter frontiers as to remove the strategic and economic advantages of any nation in colonial possessions; complete equality for every nation in trade and access to raw materials should be guaranteed by international agreement.

Such is the programme recommended. I cannot believe it would be unacceptable to intelligent people anywhere. So—On, Stanley, on!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonies

Not even Mr. Stanley could stem the tide of Progress, Reform, and Education; now, as never before, he has the opportunity to give all the "backward peoples" of the Colonies a helping hand towards the shore of self-rule and economic freedom.

OPEN LETTERS

The COUNTY COUNCIL, Wiltshire

GENTLEMEN,—It is a fair ruling that all conscientious objectors in your employment shall be required to do work of national importance in their spare time.

I have always stoutly maintained the rights of those who object to carry arms. I shall continue to do so.

But I have no patience with the "dodgers" who would put out a fire bomb which fell on their own house but will not help to preserve their neighbours' homes.

I have no sympathy with those who refuse to give a few hours of their spare time to land work because this would be "helping the war effort," but who do not hesitate to eat the food brought by men who have braved torpedo and shell and bomb.

I have no respect, either, for those who refuse to serve except in easy jobs in council offices.

Genuine objectors are giving fine service as ambulance drivers, land workers and wardens; it is time the others were made to do their fair share.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. CHUTER EDE, M.P. Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—Children are still being denied a decent start in life, are still suffering a raw deal for which there is no longer any excuse.

Education chiefs in London and provincial cities are horrified at the dullness of once-bright youngsters who, moved to the country to escape bombing, are now returning.

Some had their own teachers in new surroundings, but were restricted to a couple of hours' schooling a day. Others went to country schools where the standard of education was far lower than that which they had enjoyed in the big cities.

And the big cities themselves are lagging badly behind pre-war standards.

I know a London school where the children are on "part-time schooling." They attend one week from nine to noon, and the following week from 2 to 4 p.m.

That isn't the only example I could mention, and I dare say you could provide a longer list yourself.

The point is that thousands of children about to leave school have gone back two or three years in their standard of learning—years they may never be able to make up. Their intelligence has been blunted by allowing them to run wild. Juvenile crime has increased largely and is still increasing.

But I need not go on. You will agree, I know, that in this fourth year of war we must restore full-time education to every school and press on with the task of improving education in country and small-town schools.

The Young Idea must not be allowed to grow up without any ideas.—JOHN BULL.

LORD KEYNES, World-famous Economist

MY LORD,—Unless somebody builds a really solid bridge across the morass of international finance, we're going to find it mighty hard to wade through to the happier world we are determined to reach.

Are you that bridge-builder?

At least your blue prints promise a workmanlike structure.

You suggest a new kind of money which you call Bancor.

This international bank-money would "supplant gold as a governing factor, but not supplant it." It would, in fact, be fixed in terms of gold.

On it would be based an international clearing house. A member State would accept payment due from other member countries by a simple transfer of bancor to their credit in the books of the clearing house, instead of by the cumbrous transport of gold.

Maybe your plan won't be accepted. The Americans want one of their own. But you deserve everyone's thanks for making the world start thinking of a primary factor of peaceful reconstruction.—JOHN BULL.

Sacrifice—in Easy Chairs

PERSONAL columns of newspapers occasionally bring into sharp contrast various sidelights on the war.

Some are humorous, some purely selfish, like the quest of the man in search of Havana cigars, and some, frankly, are sickening.

The other day I read one advertisement appealing for a 16-mm. cinematograph for the education and entertainment of 300 orphans of merchant seamen.

A little lower down the column was another advertisement. It began with the arresting words "Escape to Happiness" and boosted the amenities of a luxury hotel in a South Coast resort.

It referred to the excellent cuisine, facilities for golf, tennis. Relaxation was available, and there was a "first-class cellar."

It seemed a travesty of that time-worn phrase "equal sacrifice" that the orphans of men who had died in the service of their country should lack a small cinema projector while people still idled in expensive luxury in hotels. I was in one of those hotels some time ago. Outside the sun was shining. Inside lounges were oppressive with the heat from large fires—coal and electric.

The service was smooth and efficient. Many brands of whisky were obtainable—at 2s. a nip. An even greater variety of aperitifs and liqueurs was listed to put an edge to jaded appetites.

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pollas

In the grill-room one could choose from fish, turkey, chicken, roast beef. Crisp rolls were *ad lib.*

After lunch the lounges were fragrant with the aroma of choice cigars, and overfed men and women half-dozed in this atmosphere of plenty.

These things are nauseating, but they are true. And, I am afraid, they will continue to exist.

Not all the people in that luxury hotel were idlers. Some had probably richly earned the few days' rest they were enjoying. Some were senior officers, perhaps taking a few days' leave.

But the luxury remained. There were people employed to wait on the guests. You had only to fumble for matches or a lighter and, ten to one, a waiter was at your side with a light.

Maybe all the staff were over military age; maybe many other *de luxe* hotels on the South Coast have either closed or been requisitioned by the Services.

Maybe the hotel industry is an important industry representing many millions of invested capital and giving employment, in peace time, to many thousands of workers.

All these things I may, nay, will, grant. Yet in these days of austerity nothing can persuade me that such luxury is either essential or desirable.

These hotels are, in the main, bastions of privilege. They are the haunt of the rich.

No one denies the right of the rich to live as they please in times of peace. But to-day when men are taken willy-nilly from their homes and jobs to be conscripted into either the Services or the war industrial machine, the comparison is odious.

"Go there," says the State to Bill Smith, and he goes, sometimes to drab, weary "digs," after enjoying the comfort of his own little home.

I don't know what answer there is to this argument.

It is obvious that all the *de luxe* hotels in the country can't be closed; and it is equally obvious that if certain wealthy people wish to live in luxury and spend money, they will do so, war or no war.

But I wonder, all the same, just how many luxury hotels are operating in Russia, blazing away good coal, selling good liquor and providing good food for those who can afford the bill? Perhaps you wonder, too.

They Have a New Name for Berlin Raids

THE R.A.F. MANNER.—No. 2

★

By WEBSTER FAWCETT

★ **Here are the amazing stories behind the shattering assaults on Berlin and recent raids on such targets as Essen and Nuremberg. "Out on a shatter" has become new slang for bombing as the "R.A.F. manner" tightens to a fresh peak of high-tension thrills and endurance**

BERLIN was erupting glowing smoke and flame from the dust of broken buildings while the bluish tips of the searchlight cones grasped for the Lancasters.

It was one of the recent big nights over the Spree. One of the Nazi nightmares of retribution redoubled.

Flying Officer Bob Hope, Finchley-born, stared down into the flickering pulse of the fires . . . and remembered London. The little homes of the East End, roofless churches blazing in the blitz, A.R.P. workers on pyramids of grey rubble.

Then, into intense anti-aircraft fire, into the perilous new daisy flak, he pressed home his attack . . . dead on the target.

And it was done on three engines. Forty miles short of Berlin, the fourth had been switched off due to overheating. The bomber was swaying all over the shop. With the rear gun turret also out of action, the machine was at the mercy of prowling night-fighters.

They Still Flew On

Bob Hope and his boys could have turned comfortably for home. Instead they'd still valiantly gone on to deliver the bomb-load.

On the return trip the bunched searchlights caught and held them. Shell-bursts forced them down from "nine to six thou." With one engine lost, the big bomber was a devil to manœuvre.

Yet still, with superb airmanship, Bob made a getaway.

It's the R.A.F. manner.

Another 'plane over Berlin that night—handled by twenty-three-year-old Pilot Officer Pete Isaacson—was sliced up by ack-ack.

A ground log lists the grim wreckage: *"Mid-upper turret frame twisted, perspex and two engine cowlings blown away, aileron controls damaged. . . ."*

Riddled and cindered, the 'plane was forced off its homeward route. Ever-vigilant, the Nazi searchlights had soon clutched it at 4,000 ft. For fifteen dazzling minutes, Pete tried everything he knew of evasive action while the blue shell-bursts thudded nearer.

900 Ft. Above Guns

He had to swerve and dive down to 900 ft. above the guns before he at last broke free.

You couldn't be told of these hectic episodes at the time. You couldn't immediately be told, after the humming Monday night when nearly 300 bombers raided St. Nazaire, how swirling fog locked large numbers out of their home bases.

Drumming around the sky, they might have presented an outsize traffic problem. Petrol was running low and the 'planes had to land.

The Waafs of Flying Control took over—and saw them to safety.

Flying Control, the R.A.F.'s now thoroughly organised rescue service, does not care for publicity. Perhaps that is why you may not have heard of it.

"F.C." contacts and guides the broken bombers to base. It paints the sky with the white lines of radio beams. When necessary, it uses long lines of searchlights to signpost the way to strange airfields.

Flying back from Berlin with damaged compasses, one bomber became lost in the ice-clouds. "F.C." located it, then gave constant radio course corrections—and a happy landing smooth as a daylight practice run.

An "F.C." Triumph

From another raid, after bagging two Nazi fighters, a Flying Fortress struggled desperately back jagged and draughty with sixteen holes from cannon-shells, 300 from bullets. Two engines, the rudder hinges, cables and ailerons were good for nothing. Three of the crew were wounded.

Her homecoming, with all the crew alive, was an "F.C." triumph.

But can you imagine a Halifax getting back safely after flying helplessly over Cologne all lit up with her landing lights?

Such was the feat, the other week, of that Canadian Ace, Squadron-Leader Eddie Gilmore.

Chased by night fighters when he had dropped his H.E.'s on the primary target, he swerved and dodged . . . plumb into a searchlight cone.

Next instant the flak had shot off the starboard inner propeller and the astrodome, had punched holes in the wings, aileron and fuselage—and a second shell-burst threw the 'plane completely over on to its back.

Shoulders Saved Him

All four engines stopped at once.

Through the shattered astrodome went the flight engineer like a rocket—and found himself hanging head down in the slipstream. Only his broad shoulders saved him from falling.

Then the Halifax screamed down in a death-dive.

"Bale out!" said Eddie.

In the rear-turret the gunner, heard the order and found himself trapped because the doors had jammed. Frenziedly he tried to hack his way out with an axe.

Meanwhile the 'plane fell 14,000 ft.—nearly three miles of sky.

Billy, the navigator, having waited his chance, was on the point of jumping when Eddie called him back. Miraculously three of the engines had picked up and the 'plane was righted. Just then the rear-gunner splintered his way through.

"Aren't we baling out?"

"Order cancelled!" he was told.

In the twisting, turning, rolling dive a parachute had broken loose, smashed the master compass and rolled against the control panel. Now, swinging suddenly, it turned on all the lights. . . .

Never before had a 'plane lived through such a comedy of errors. The bomb-doors had jammed and the machine was hard to handle.

"The only thing I could do," Eddie told me afterwards, "was to fly straight and

Just back from one of big raids on Berlin, they don't worry about lighting three cigarettes with one match.

level. Somehow we got out of the searchlights without being badly hit. . . ."

By good luck they came at length into the Flying Control zone.

"Quite a trip!" said Eddie, as he stepped down on the tarmac.

Still in the R.A.F. manner is the masking of gallantry in quiet, slangy phrases.

Remember the night when Bomber Command devastated 450 acres of Essen? The Krupps town is the very centre of the largest gun-defended area in all Europe. The crews expected a barrage.

Details are not for the squeamish who expect a picture-postcard courage.

In the nose of a giant Wellington one of the boys was adjusting the bomb sight when a shell exploded under the 'plane. Above his head the Canuck navigator was instantly killed by a splinter and collapsed on top of him.

Glycol from a damaged tank poured over the dead man and the live. Sickly, suffocating fumes filled the front of the aircraft. Simultaneously the oxygen supply began to fail.

Calmly Gave Directions

And still the bomb-aimer calmly continued to give directions to his skipper and released his bombs. . . .

Not until they had skimmed down to 10,000 ft. for air did the wireless operator report that he had been hit. Without a complaint, he went back to his damaged radio and tried to get it working. On the homeward run, he helped with the navigation.

"He put up a marvellous show," the skipper told me. "His injury? He'd had his right foot shot clean off. . . ."

With holes in the fuselage, main spar and bomb doors, the Wellington contacted "F.C." and glided down in the dawn to an airfield in southern England.

With "Sparks" whisked off to hospital, the skipper reported, and then took a stroll round his 'plane.

He didn't know till then that a chunk of shell had crashed through the front window and missed him by inches.

"What's the odds?" he said. "We made it, didn't we?"

WONDER DRUG SAVES WOUNDED

★ **The Prime Minister's doctors used M. and B. 760 to fight his pneumonia. It is only one of a wonder group of drugs—the sulphanilamides—which are helping to save men severely wounded in battle**

A LITTLE band of men is detailed to make an important assault on an enemy strongpoint, beyond the reach of the main medical services. A dangerous wound, unattended, might mean death.

It happened with tragic frequency in the last war. More than three-fourths of the men who received abdominal wounds died as a result of infection.

Few such deaths should occur now.

The reason is a drug whose immense possibilities have only recently been realised.

The young Austrian student who discovered it some thirty-five years ago didn't realise what he had hit upon, and it is only in the last few years that immense strides have been made in its development.

★ ★ ★

For instance, each man of that little band of assault troops will have access to this drug. It is within the reach of every soldier in the Tunisia battles.

Where it is not in the hands of individual shock troops, it is carried by the front-line men of the R.A.M.C., who tend the wounded soldier where he falls.

When the Americans poured out of their landing barges on to the beach at Safi in French Morocco in the opening stages of the North African invasion every soldier carried a package of sulphanilamide powder, and every soldier knew that it could mean the difference to him between life and death.

As they swarmed into the hills, one man's cartridge belt was hit by a sniper's bullet. The cartridges exploded, tearing a gaping hole in his side.

He had scarcely fallen before two comrades were at his side.

Breaking open their own packages of sulpha powder, they poured the contents into the wound before rushing the man down the beach to a first-aid station.

★ ★ ★

The first thing the doctor did was to throw two more handfuls of sulphanilamide into the wound before making emergency repairs and sending the man out to a ship containing an operating theatre.

Later, when the ship had turned and was on its way back to America, the surgeons shook their heads over the case. It was, they decided, almost impossible for the man to live after a wound like that.

But the effect of the beach treatment with sulpha powder confounded the doctors.

The man lived.

That is the case of one man.

Multiply it by many thousands, and you will have some idea of the number of homes in which, when this war is over, the mention of sulpha powder will bring a grateful smile to the eyes of women whose husbands and sons have returned.

APRIL 17, 1943

HOW JAPAN WILL BE BEATE

While the hustling conflict on the Mediterranean holds front place in the news we are apt to overlook the significance of astonishing achievements of the U.S. Air Force in the Pacific

Says A. G. GARDINER

THAT the key to victory lies in command of the air is the major lesson of the war. With that command, all the operations on land and sea are transfigured.

The path of armies is blazed before them. The Navy is given vision and protection. Frontiers are abolished. The enemy is blasted in his most secret and vital places.

His strategy is confounded by lightnings that stab him now here, now there; by day, by night.

If this is the major lesson of the war, the major fact of the war is that we hold the key.

The Wings of Victory are with us. They have swept the enemy to his "Dunkirk" in Africa.

They are raining destruction on him from Kiel to Naples. They are wearing him down from the White Sea to the Black Sea.

* * *

AND IT IS NOT ONLY IN THE WEST THAT THE WAR IN THE AIR IS TAKING COMMAND OF EVENTS. IT IS PLAYING AN EVEN MORE STRIKING PART IN THE EAST.

With our preoccupations in Europe we are apt to overlook what is happening in the Pacific. But though the war is being fought in two self-contained parts, it is one war, and to get a sense of the whole we must not forget Japan.

Whether Mr. Churchill's hint that the war in the West may be over before the war in the East turns out to be correct or not, the effect of the one upon the other will be decisive.

The fact that the Allies have wisely decided to give priority to the destruction of Nazi Germany does not mean that Japan is "easy meat" that can be speedily gobbled up when we can turn our attention to her in earnest.

That illusion has long since gone by the board. She is still in possession of the Pacific. She has swept the white race out of East Asia. She has conquered an area ten times that of the Japanese empire as it stood little more than a year ago.

She has captured the principal rubber and tin resources of the world, and all the material necessary to waging a long war.

SHE HAS GOT THE CONTROL OF HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF SLAVE PEOPLES, DOCILE AND CAPABLE OF TREMENDOUS SERVICE IN SUPPLYING HER WAR MACHINE.

And behind that machine is the driving power of a fanatical race confident in the belief that its destiny is to conquer the world.

That belief is still unshaken.

In Germany where a similar belief prevailed doubts have long since crept in. Not so in Japan.

In this respect the Eastern is a tougher nut to crack than the Western, as Mr. Grew, who spent ten years as the U.S. Ambassador both in Tokyo and Berlin, reminds us in his "Report from Tokyo."

The Germans, in defeat, have cracked in the past, he says, and will crack again. But the Japanese "won't crack, morally, psychologically or economically when eventual defeat stares them in the face. . . . They'll fight to the bitter end."

And there is another point, he adds, in which Japan is less vulnerable than Germany. "Germany and Italy possess groups of unknown size and power which await only time and opportunity to revolt. In Japan there are no such groups."

No, Japan is not going to be "easy meat." All the same her high watermark has been reached and the tide is on the turn.

It is on the turn even though America is having to bear the brunt of the business with her left hand while her right is helping us to smite the Western ogre.

And it is on the turn for the same reason that it is on the turn in the West. Indeed, even more than in the West, it is air power which is inscribing the "writing on the wall" for Japan to see through the mists of her fanaticism.

The writing is not obvious on the surface. It is true that a halt has been called. The stampede has been stayed.

Australasia is beginning to breathe freely again. The panic about India is passing.

We are in firm possession of the Indian Ocean. The Japanese tide breaks helplessly against the shores of New Guinea.

BUT LOOK AT THE MAP AND SEE THE VASTNESS OF JAPAN'S CONQUESTS—THOUSANDS OF ISLANDS FROM THE ALEUTIANS TO THE SOLOMONS, WHERE SHE IS ESTABLISHED.

How is she to be dug out of these multitudinous entrenchments? How is she to be driven out of Burma, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Formosa? The job looks endless—hopeless.

And it would be if she had to be dug like a rat out of her myriad holes—"island by island." But that is not the way wars are won. They are won not by the acreage of the territory you hold. They are won, as in chess, by the superiority of your "pieces."

If you have a queen and a couple of rooks against a bishop and half a dozen pawns, even "fanaticism" will not help your enemy to avoid the mate.

Tojo may commit hari-kari and Hitler may "fanatically" blow his brains out, but if the pieces are against them the war will be lost to them all the same.

* * *

Now no one—leaving aside the professional preachers of despair—can have followed events in the Pacific without being impressed by one overshadowing "piece."

Fire bombs falling on a Japanese occupied village in Burma

It is not the U.S. Navy, nor is it the U.S. Army. These for the most part are at present engaged elsewhere. Their time will come.

IT IS THE ASTONISHING ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE THAT ARE THE SENSATIONAL FACT OF THE WAR IN THE PACIFIC.

The revelation began with the Midway Island episode, when a powerful Japanese fleet was shattered and scattered by air attack without a gun being fired from a warship.

Then the terrific passage of the Owen Stanley mountain by the Australians under the cover of triumphant planes.

Then the Bismarck sea battle—a whole fleet wiped out by aircraft alone. Then the Kavieng affair—the same, lost. It takes one's breath a

What is the meaning o is its bearing on the issue?

IT MEANS THAT JAPAN IS BEATEN AI CANNOT PUT UP A FI THE OVERWHELMING OF THE ALLIED "PIECE

Germany does put up a is as futile in the air as Ital

* *

And this is only the be has found the soft spot an batter it to dust.

That is why she has st of her big ships.

That is why she is carriers and turning great aircraft carriers.

She is going to satu the Pacific. She is going out of the sky.

What then? Then will the Navy by sea and the Ar is thousands of miles fro has to defend. Her navy lanes open for her supplie

And with the air finall will be, the task will be imp will go the way her air for illgotten gains will go wit

The Burma Road will China will be resurrected race that has tortured an long.

In that day Tojo "fanaticism" is a poor w doom that is even now be skies of the Pacific.

Austria May Be a New Targ

EVEN the worst round-the-clock raids of the R.A.F. and the American Air Force so far have not confronted Germany with anything like the problem she may soon have to face when the bombs begin to fall—as they may do before long—on the huge industrial plants in Austria and Czechoslovakia.

And there are other places. The vast range of the British and American bombers will enable them to rain destruction on a great number of industrial centres that have hitherto been regarded as almost immune from heavy air attacks.

* * *

Austria, particularly, has become a vital industrial nerve-centre of the German Reich.

True, many of the Ruhr and Rhineland factories could not be moved because they had to rely on iron ore and coal deposits in their vicinity.

But the Nazi leaders, aware of the vulnerability of the congested industrial areas in this district, have sunk millions of marks and years of labour into the construction of vast plants in Austria.

Linz, on the Danube, houses a Hermann Goering factory which now very nearly employs as many workers as Krupps. The whole province of Styria has been transformed into a vast factory. New armaments works have sho up like mushrooms.

Unhampered by raids, tens of thousands of Austrian workers have been toiling f the German war effort.

Their happy days may soon be over.

For Austria es not only present an ideal target or devastating raids on industrial p nts. The new and future develop nts in the war are likely to turn it nto the most impor- tant junction f German military transport.

Worried as hey are about an Allied attack o the under-belly of the Axis, at th threatening Anglo- American invas n of Southern and South-Eastern Europe, the Nazi military leader must rely on the Austrian trans rt system to carry men and mate al to the menaced areas.

* * *

The arms Ge many can supply to Italy as the lit Axis partner faces the most c uci phase of the war must go throu Austria. Supplies Hitler is send g to the German Luftwaffe in It y must pass the two solitary railw tracks running through Austri

If he want to strengthen his Balkan armies Austria again is the key.

Yet Hitler m st now realise how vulnerable this ost vital part of his Empire has be me with the advent of the American

One hur as gave the other organise

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When t tains and able viadu railway, t and the of Europe

With t raid over free from people a escapable

But th as Hitler know tha pocketed work, bu they hav their live

They Hitler's strikes, absented factories ing to th

The G expert d raids on sult in labour fr

Alread

BEATEN

Kavieng affair—the same, and not a plane lost. It takes one's breath away.

What is the meaning of it all, and what is its bearing on the issue?

IT MEANS THAT IN THE AIR JAPAN IS BEATEN ALREADY. SHE CANNOT PUT UP A FIGHT AGAINST THE OVERWHELMING SUPERIORITY OF THE ALLIED "PIECE."

Germany does put up a fight. But Japan is as futile in the air as Italy.

★ ★ ★

And this is only the beginning. America has found the soft spot and she is going to batter it to dust.

That is why she has stopped the building of her big ships.

That is why she is building aircraft carriers and turning great merchantmen into aircraft carriers.

She is going to saturate the air of the Pacific. She is going to drive Japan out of the sky.

What then? Then will come the hour for the Navy by sea and the Army by land. Japan is thousands of miles from the plunder she has to defend. Her navy must keep the sea lanes open for her supplies.

And with the air finally lost to her, as it will be, the task will be impossible. Her navy will go the way her air force is going and her illgotten gains will go with it.

The Burma Road will be reopened and China will be resurrected to smite the evil race that has tortured and outraged her so long.

In that day Tojo will discover that "fanaticism" is a poor weapon against the doom that is even now being decreed in the skies of the Pacific.

Out With a Night Patrol in Tunis

"LAST night our patrols were active."

Messages like that from the Tunisian front seemed to suggest a quiet night.

But the soldiers conducting the patrols could tell you different.

It was on such a night recently, before the new attack began, that a young officer and his men were ordered to go out and inspect a British tank bogged in the mud five miles along the Medjaz-Tunis road and within one and a half miles of enemy territory.

We wanted that tank back in our lines!

The party left its forward positions near Medjaz-el-Bab at 10.30 p.m., taking three sappers and their mine-detecting apparatus with them.

They groped forward towards a faint red glow on the horizon.

The young officer in charge chuckled as he took bearings with his luminous compass.

"Help from the R.A.F.," he said. "That's Tunis blazing from our bombs. Useful with no moon or stars . . . Five miles to go, so watch your step."

Miles of sand, strewn with boulders and scrub, are often honeycombed with mines and booby traps

JOHN CASHEL obtained this story first hand from an officer who has just returned to London from Tunisia

5 Miles of Peril

Five miles, with every inch fraught with peril from mines, booby traps, and probably German patrols.

This week, in London, that young officer told me the rest of the story.

Arabs had been reported round that isolated tank.

Were they friendly Arabs or Germans who had risked the short journey to it so that they could booby-trap it against our coming?

That five miles meant some twelve hours of laboured progress, for our pace over that hilly rock and sand, cluttered with scrub, cactus and knife-sharp grass was little more than half a mile an hour.

Nearly eight hours of that twelve would be in pitch blackness without help from a torch.

How thankful they were for that friendly glow from stricken Tunis, for deep, wide *wadis*, the steep, 30-ft. sides of which invited broken necks, yawned before them.

And boulders or even small stones dislodged by their feet crashed down these minor precipices, their sound a thousand times magnified by the fear that there were German patrols about to hear.

Silence is so important. No man with a cold or cough had been chosen for that party. No tin hats were carried, for they clang like bells when you least want to attract attention.

Blacked Faces

The men weren't even allowed to wear buttons or other metal articles, for fear they should jingle against the tommy-guns, rifles and grenades that you can scarcely make of bakelite.

Their faces were daubed with cocoa dregs or smuts from the saucepan, these men of the night.

But, being near invisible themselves, they were a prey to the fear that there were Germans around who were equally invisible.

It made them mistrust every post, tuft of grass and boulder. Everything seemed to take on human shape in that night of nerves.

Now a bit of flat ground. Obviously a piece of flat ground cultivated by the Arabs.

Yapping Dogs

And now their eyes picked out the white-washed walls of the Arab cottages.

Occupied? Well, they had to be reconnoitred in case waylaying "Jerries" were hidden among them—and that had to be done without starting the usual packs of Arab mongrel dogs yapping.

How many patrols—both British and German—have Arab dogs betrayed?

They followed the usual technique of examining those homes.

"Jerries" have a habit of wiring explosive charges to doors, windows, cupboards left slightly open, tins of cigarettes, even bottles left with glasses conveniently handy.

They mine the ploughs, the ramshackle motor-bikes, the old trucks, you find in outhouses.

You suspect patches of newly-turned earth, creaking floor boards, everything except obviously solid ground — which, even at that, can't be completely above suspicion.

"Touch nothing" is the only slogan.

When the guiding glow over Tunis flickered out, their difficulties increased.

Constantly they had to make detours to cross *wadis* or other obstacles.

Even so they struck the Tunis road within six hundred yards of their objective, which they reached at 6.30.

Glint of Dawn

But they still had to wait for the first glint of dawn. They knew that the Germans, little over 3,000 yards away, had the tank ranged with mortar fire.

Dawn came at seven, but not for another half-hour was it light enough for the sappers safely to approach the tank to spot booby wires and use their mine detector.

First, the sappers satisfied themselves there were no anti-personnel mines around the tank nor anti-tank ones beneath its tracks.

Then, at the critical moment when the sun came up at 7.45, they strove to screen themselves by keeping the tank between them and the Germans, for they still had to explore inside.

Gingerly, before lifting the turret door, they probed for the wire which, activating a spring detonator, might blow the whole show up.

Their deft fingers felt for wire on the handle turning the gun, slowly moved a thermos flask, cautiously lifted a tin-hat that might let loose the handle of a grenade hidden underneath.

Did the Job

No, the tank wasn't booby-trapped and with luck would be retrieved next night. And finding that out was the mission completed.

At 8.5 they started back faster than they came . . . were a mile on their way before the whine of heavy mortar shells sent them down flat.

One fell within fifteen feet and they escaped miraculously. Up, then down when they heard more coming, till they were beyond their range.

Twelve hours in all before they landed back in their forward positions—without a scratch.

Just another night patrol ended . . . one of hundreds that have gone to keep the First Army ready for the big blow that is going to shake Hitler.

Be a New Target for To-morrow

...y. New armaments ... up like mushrooms. ... by raids, tens of ...strian workers have ... the German war ... days may soon be ...es not only present ...or devastating raids ...nts. The new and ...ents in the war are ...nto the most impor... German military ...hey are about an ... the under-belly of ... threatening Anglo... of Southern and ...Europe, the Nazi ... must rely on the ...rt system to carry ...al to the menaced

* *

...many can supply to ... Axis partner faces ... phase of the war ... Austria. Supplies ... to the German ... must pass the two ... tracks running ... to strengthen his ...Austria again is the ...t now realise how ...ost vital part of his ...ne with the advent of the big Lancasters and the American Flying Fortresses.

One hundred of them, a force such as gave Naples a sound thrashing the other week, would be able to disorganise Austrian transport.

* * *

When they swoop over the mountains and hit the almost irreplaceable viaducts of Austria's Southern railway, the link between Germany and the Nazi armies in the south of Europe will be cut.

With the exception of one leaflet raid over Vienna, Austria has been free from bombs. Now the Austrian people are worried about the inescapable fate that awaits them.

But they are not half so worried as Hitler's political bosses. They know that the Austrians have gladly pocketed the big wages for their work, but have made it clear that they have no intention of selling their lives for Nazi money.

They have little enthusiasm for Hitler's war. They have staged strikes, and have collectively absented themselves from work in factories that were not run according to their ideas.

The Germans know that they are expert dodgers and that the first big raids on Austrian industry will result in a mass desertion on the labour front, as the Germans call it.

Already Nazi leaders are warning the Austrian workers in guarded but unmistakable speeches that they "will have to share the sacrifices of their 'brothers' in the Reich."

They are threatening the grumblers. Even now they can hardly cope with the unrest which the mere anticipation of bombs on Austria has produced.

It is not much different in Czechoslovakia, where the importance of the big Skoda works grows as the prospect of a Southern front in Europe approaches.

Czech industry, too, has the advantage of being near to many raw materials which it uses. Obviously these rich industrial districts are now high on the list of targets for to-morrow.

* * *

The few sporadic raids on Skoda might be followed by an intense blitz which may deprive the Nazis not only of large output but, as in Austria, choke their transport system when they are forced to bring up supplies to South-Eastern Europe from far away.

Now that the time has come when really and truly no corner of Hitler's Continent is safe from attack, the effects of the big bombing offensive will be multiplied.

Not only the weight of these attacks but also their range will prove a decisive factor in the war.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

SAILOR FLEECED BY MEAN TRICK

HE day when his ship was torpedoed was a bad one in the life of a certain seaman of the Royal Navy.

ut a worse one was when—after had been invalided out as a ult of his ordeal—he read an adtisement telling him a vacancy occurred for a suitable man with ficient money to take up five ndred shares in a firm of chemical ineers.

e was lucky enough to have lifengs of a round £600, and wanted a

o that advertisement appealed to him it was intended to appeal to people is position.

e answered it. There came, in reply, tter on very imposing notepaper from ncern called Electrolyfe—proprietors, British Vending Machine Ltd., of The Broadway, ng, London, W.5.

the printed letter-heading embodied a very attractive m, especially in war time. was that Electrolyfe rged batteries *immediately* doubled their life.

nd the letter itself, which invited him g, was signed by the Managing ector himself, Mr. William Furness.

When he called, Mr. Furness described him what a vast business the comy was doing.

uite naturally, he added, he preferred employee who would put a little ey into the company, as that would ourage him to work much harder for success of the enterprise.

SOLD THROUGH AGENTS

e said Electrolyfe was booming. ting little to manufacture, it yielded e profits. This real "little marvel" sold through agents.

s to prospects, this successful firm of mical engineers had only two ctors—and this applicant, unless he cted a great opportunity, would make third.

ow, sailors, who can see through the ks of money-snatchers on the docks ny port in the world, aren't always lear-sighted when they meet the more itious types who flourish in city es.

o this poor fellow who had risked his for a sailor's pay put down £500 hout inquiry, without even the wise nality of consulting a solicitor.

He was bitterly disillusioned on his very first day at the Ealing offices.

He knew by next day the whole thing was a ramp, that much of his precious £500 had already been dissipated by Mr. Furness.

MADE DISCOVERIES

He made many disquieting discoveries in that first day.

One was that Mr. Furness also practised as a postal mystic. "Know Thyself" was the heading on one of his typical advertisements, which said:

"Handwriting is the mirror of one's soul. A complete scientific character analysis of your handwriting. Amazingly accurate, significant revelations. Strictly confidential. Send 1s. 6d. and stamp to Mystic, 29, The Broadway, Ealing, W.5."

Wading deeper into the piles of fee-snatching printed matter, the ex-sailor wondered about his £500 investment in the British Vending Machine Co., Ltd., which I here and now describe as a trumpery, worthless concern.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

Later he discovered Mr. Furness was selling by post a so-called Lucky Emblem supposed to bring good fortune to all wearers.

He found that JOHN BULL had already exposed this particular one of Mr. Furness's multifarious money-snatchings.

And when he tackled Furness bluntly, and told him he knew that much of the money he had invested in Electrolyfe had already been spent, Furness just coldly replied that that was the case.

The man pressed for his money back.

"You can have what's left," he said indifferently. "The only way I can give you more is to advertise for another director as I advertised for you!"

What was left was £200—handed to a man now almost a wreck with worry, and not any the happier because he holds shares nominally worth £300, but actually hardly worth the paper they are written on.

The victim of this wretched racket went through an experience like the man in this picture, who is being rescued after his ship was torpedoed

But I think he was lucky to get that back, knowing more about Mr. Furness, although that means he has paid £300 for one day's experience of his business methods.

HIS BUSINESS METHODS

For way back in 1936, Furness was promoting a motor club, with headquarters at Hendon, which wrung money out of quite a lot of over-trusting people.

The founder suddenly left the district with his creditors at his heels!

On one occasion he took money on the promise of refund if the man didn't find the business going to his satisfaction after three months.

When the request for repayment came, he just said: "I'm sorry, but I haven't got it!"

Other businesses he has run are Quick's Estate and Transfer Agency and Anne's Library, and when they petered out miserably there were many to bemoan the loss of their money.

And of the product Electrolyfe itself, it is a tablet made mainly of a common salt which Furness buys at 80 for 7½d. and sells at 20 for 5s.!

Furness himself lives under the shadow of Ealing Town Hall, at 3, Longfield House, Uxbridge Road, W.5.

JUST A SIDE-LINE

The sooner his activities are checked the better. His conscience should certainly be no easier at the knowledge that these employment-with-capital rackets—just a side-line among his dubious money-making activities—are being more widely practised than ever before.

I dealt recently with South Country Farmers, Ltd., which was being formed to offer golden opportunities to men with capital needing work.

To the facts I gave I can add the case of an ex-Army major who has sunk £450 in the venture, and another man who, having lost £100, is penniless.

War time offers golden opportunities to people of the type I have described. Small investors should make the fullest inquiries before parting with their money.

Particularly do I urge this on men leaving the Services. Because they stand on the threshold of new careers, they are "easy money" for these despicable people.

What money they have is so important to them—and, in most cases, was not easily come by.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. Frank Heeley, Elwell Street, Thorpe, near Wakefield, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Information concerning any scandal or ramp should be addressed: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

IMPUDENCE

CONCERN called Dr. Janssen, Limited, of Baker Street, London, W.1, advers what are called "Dr. Janssen's nd Herbal Slimming Tablets."

xtravagant claims are made for them, one reader, who bought some over ee months ago, complains that he has ived no benefit.

he tablets are sold as "Dr. Janssen's rbal Slimming Tea in concentrated n."

n analysis of this, taken some time when its advertising was refused, wed that apart from a mixture of mmon senna leaves and a few seeds re was little to justify the sweeping ms made for its alleged beneficial lities.

he best that could be said of it was t it was "mildly aperient."

he wisest plan, always, unless advertments have been guaranteed by some utable body, is to ignore postal treatnts altogether.

Where serious ailments are concerned, sult only skilled medical men.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

CAN EASTER TRAVEL BE PLANNED?

● Once again there is the stereotyped warning that no extra trains will be run at Easter.

Yet, no doubt, we shall again see holiday-makers, in some parts of the country, flocking away in crowds, and the railway managers forced to put on more trains to bring them home.

Although it would seem the obvious remedy to limit the tickets issued and to sell those in advance, there would then arise the problem of the person suddenly forced to travel on urgent business.

It is no good blaming either the Government or the railways. It is the fault of selfish members of the public.

There would be an outcry if snoopers were hired to ask everyone, "Why are you travelling?" and given power to refuse permission.

Yet they may have to come. . . .

SHOULD SHIPPING LOSSES BE DISCLOSED?

● "The Germans know when they sink a vessel," say M.P.s, in demanding the facts. "So why can't the public be told?"

The Admiralty answers that U-boat commanders learn less than we think and that they do a lot of guessing which we should neither confirm nor deny.

In my view, the Commons and the Lords should be given the facts in secret session. After all, there is a case for the utmost discretion.

It was, for instance, after hearing the argument, "The Germans know," that the authorities allowed a photograph of a land-mine to be published.

Later, it became known that, by seeing the photograph, the Nazis had learned of our method of rendering land-mines harmless.

If Germany really knew our shipping losses, she would know definitely whether or not we had enough vessels for the expected invasion.

SHOULD SCHOOLS GIVE SEX TALKS?

● The more intelligent of the Church leaders agree to-day with educationists that sex should figure as a normal subject in every school syllabus.

The change of opinions on all such subjects is proved by the fact that the warnings against venereal disease advertised by the Ministry of Health headed by a Minister who is a Baptist lay preacher were praised by many newspaper readers.

Only one London newspaper group refused to print them, and only a handful of provincial papers.

The suppression of the Victorian days is now almost dead. People are franker, and therefore more honest in their views.

The day for the teaching of sex hygiene in the schools has arrived.

"The facts of life" have always been as important as the facts about anything else. But public opinion has only recently begun to face up to it.

"HOW CAN I STUDY POLITICS?"

● "The war has brought home to me, and I suspect to many other readers," says a correspondent, "how woefully ignorant I am of this country's politics. Is there any way in which I can gain a reasonable understanding of how the parties differ?"

Write to the Central Conservative Office, Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, London, S.W.1; the Liberal Party, 22, Gayfere Street, London, S.W.1; and the Labour Party, Smith Square, Westminster, London, for their latest statements of policy.

Read, every day and all through, Hansard's report of Parliamentary speeches, which *should* be in every library, even if it is not.

Ask your local librarian to guide you as to what books to read. Answering is part of his job.

Attend, without prejudice, political meetings of every kind.

Read leading articles of every colour.

While you are doing all this—and when you are not—use your own brains and argue with yourself.

MR. BUCKLE GOES TO SEA

PLANTED opposite the worn desk by the window was the high stool, and on the high stool was planted Mr. Buckle. Mr. Buckle's job was peaches and pears and apricots and South African jams and Chinese ginger.

Carson and Dallaway's right-hand-man, he was. He did a great deal of figuring in massive ledgers, and could calculate the profit on twenty-five thousand tins of loquats at one and tuppence ha'penny in no time at all.

Very sound man, Mr. Buckle.

Occasionally Carson and Dallaway sent him down to the docks to check up a shipment. And then Mr. Buckle was in his element.

His eyes would light up when these riverside journeys impended. A new briskness would inform his stride as he walked eagerly towards Romance.

Romance. Ships, and sailors, and swinging seas. Landfalls and departures, freighters beating around the Nore, down Channel, away past the Lizard into the great Atlantic.

Grand!

You see, Mr. Buckle's father had been a sea captain. His grandfather and his great-grandfather had both sailed the seven seas as ship's masters.

His great-grandfather, Captain Daniel Buckle, had been a man of parts. Not content to stride the poop of his schooner with all sail clapped on before a gale, he had also found time to write a book about it.

The Log of Captain Buckle was its title, and what it didn't say about the treacherous ways of the oceans and the capricious ways of ships wasn't worth saying.

Mr. Buckle never ceased to deplore the fact that he himself wasn't a sea captain. He felt ashamed to think that he was employed at the pettifogging business of driving a pen. No sort of job for an able-bodied man, that.

His place was on the bridge of a well-found vessel with the big seas lipping over the fo'c'sle-head and a hell-raking gale from the nor'-west blowing the rivets out of her.

But his father had been drowned at sea when he was a lad of six. Thereafter it was left to his mother to see after Mr. Buckle's career.

Perhaps she remembered the long absences of the captain and the perilous seas lying in wait.

SO Mr. Buckle became a black-coated landlubber; a quill-driver for captains to look down their noses at, a niminy-piminy clerk who was abashed in the presence of first mates.

Now Mr. Buckle hadn't worried much about going to Australia until he came across Daniel Buckle's Log in the attic when his mother died. He beat it well to shake the dust out of it, opened the moth-eaten cover, and began to read.

Captain Daniel had rather a good descriptive touch.

"Becalmed," he wrote. "Nothing but the sun, empty sails, the rolling hillocks of the great ocean, the uneasy creaking of a ship in irons.

"Not a bird, not a fish, not a sign of life to remind us that we are not dead and gone to some special hell for sailors."

Mr. Buckle was enthralled. Twenty-five thousand tins of loquats at one and tuppence-ha'penny seemed just piffling compared with this.

He sighed. Too late. A man didn't start to be a sailor at the age of fifty-nine. Mr. Buckle realised with a pang that he could never wear a captain's cap.

He could, however, do the next best thing. There and then Mr. Buckle made his decision. He would go to sea.

Above all, he would follow in the wake of his doughty ancestor and make the voyage to Australia.

As the day of his retirement drew near, Mr. Buckle was filled with excitement.

He came across Daniel Buckle's log . . . opened the moth-eaten cover and began to read

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY
By
HEDLEY BARKER

When it actually arrived he could scarcely believe that the last stroke of work was done; that he was the "good and faithful servant" referred to in the speech by Mr. Carson.

They did him very handsomely. A cheque for three hundred pounds from the firm, and a brass-bound cabin-trunk from the staff. Mr. Buckle was too stunned to say anything but thank you.

At last the great moment arrived. Mr. Buckle turned the key in his lock and walked out of the gate to a waiting taxi. He was off. The great journey had begun.

His heart skipped as he neared the docks. Tilbury, the masts of ships, smokestacks, the throaty whistles of dirty tramps.

Mr. Buckle was thrilled as he shook hands with the captain on board the freighter *Western Prince*. The two men were old friends. The captain was taking Mr. Buckle as his guest.

He awoke in some alarm at five o'clock the next morning. He realised vaguely that the ship was moving. Vaguely, because he was far too ill to grasp anything except his own state.

He felt ghastly, and he looked awful. When he could manage the effort to sit up in his bunk his mirror showed him the eyes of a wild man set in a pea-green complexion.

With a groan he sank back. The ship was throwing herself about. She stood on her head, she sat on her tail. Her six thousand tons had become a mere cork for the ocean to play with.

And Mr. Buckle grew steadily worse. He groaned aloud. He could take neither food nor drink. A terrible nausea gripped him.

HE lost all count of the passage of time. When he came round from his dazed state of semi-conscious misery the ship was mercifully still and the captain was standing by his bunk.

"We've got a couple of hours in Southampton," he said. "If I were you, Buckle, I'd go ashore."

Mr. Buckle arose and dizzily dressed himself. Later, still dizzy, he walked uncertainly down the gangway.

"Shouldn't go too far," advised the captain. "We'll blow a long blast when we're due to sail."

It was unlike any walk that Mr. Buckle had ever taken. The street seemed to rock and sway.

How long he had walked or in what direction, Mr. Buckle didn't know. But, at last, he pulled up before a poster outside a cinema. And then he started as a sound fell upon his ears.

One long blast. The *Western Prince* was calling him.

Mr Buckle shuddered. Hastily, somewhat sheepishly, he scuttled up the steps to the box-office.

"Greatest Travel Film Extant," said the poster. "See Australia from your chair. Now Showing."

A LAW THAT PLAYS TRICKS

HUMAN MACHINE

You often hear impatient people declare in an irritated way that they can't be in two places at once.

How true! And how odd that so few people apply this obvious law to other spheres.

For instance, whoever says when he is struggling with a problem, whether a piece of work or a private worry: "I can't think of two things at the same time." Never!

Yet why not? The law holds good. It's as true in the mental world as in the physical.

For consider: If you have some thought, some idea that is worrying you, some fear that is haunting you, you can apply one of two methods to get rid of it.

You can have a head-on attack. You can expel it—or try to expel it—by a frontal assault. You may be successful—at a price, the price of frayed nerves, short temper, and general mental exhaustion.

But there is another way.

Since you can't concentrate on two thoughts at the same time, why not substitute for the thought you don't want, a thought you do want.

There is never any point in doing something the hard way if there's an easy way of attaining the same end.

And the easy way of dealing with mental problems is to learn something of the laws that govern the mental world.

We take the trouble to do this in the physical world, and thereby save ourselves much pain and trouble. Why be so shortsighted where the mind is concerned?

The Funny Side of Things

SEEING the funny side of things is a funny business. It depends on the seer, not on the things. The things may not have a funny side. But some people can see it.

Some people can smile at anything. They can smile when it rains. Other people can frown good and hard when it's as funny as it knows how to be.

The happy man doesn't seem to need to be in happy circumstances in order to be happy. He *is* happy, and that's all there is to it.

Some men, when they slip on a banana skin, are sour for weeks. But the man who sees the funny side of things will pick himself up and say, "Did you see *me*?" And go off into roars of laughter.

There are things like losing your hat in a wind or losing your money in a bank smash or simply losing your train. Not even the lightest of these is an amusing thing. But when they happen to the man who sees the funny side of things he at once puts on a broad grin.

★ ★ ★

If he falls in a puddle or if his lettuce doesn't come up, or if somebody steals his shoes, the result is always the same: he howls with mirth.

He can't help seeing the funny side of things.

Therefore, he is about the most cheerful sort of man you could live with.

Wise men are often depressing as companions. Clever men are mostly a nuisance. Men who see *things as they are* nearly always drive you to suicide. But given a man who can see the funny side of things you can't very well go wrong.

In a blitz, or in a storm at sea, or even in a seaside boarding-house in peace time, all you need is a man who can see the funny side of things. Then a good time is had by all.

Where do such men come from? How do they happen?

You can (or they say you can) breed a stout race of tall men with broad shoulders and narrow hips and firm jaws and no nonsense. You can train diplomats and politicians and doctors and men who balance grand pianos on their eyebrows.

But men who can see the funny side of things just seem to happen.

There's probably some method, some system behind it, if we could find it out. And if there is, then one day it may be found out.

If it ever is found out, and we start manufacturing smilers as we now manufacture furnishing ironmongers, then the human race will change in one generation as it hasn't changed in all the generations since Eden.

★ ★ ★

There'll always be puddles to fall into, hats to lose, money to lose, banana skins or something else to slip on. There'll always be lots of very unfunny things on earth as long as earth spins.

The secret of having a good time during the spinning is to get a loud laugh out of all these and the other unlaughable things.

And it's a secret which is held by very few.

For every man who can see the funny side of things there are ninety-nine who can't.

Such a man is the luckiest man on earth.

I wonder if one of him, somewhere, could let us into the secret?

I think we deserve it. With all our faults.

A. G.

★ Some more stirring yarns of the desert finish off this series of escape thrills—exploits of men who appeared on the "Missing" lists . . . only to romp home *via* adventure that would sound incredible if you had read it in detective fiction.

Rommel Listened to Their Plan!

THEY COULDN'T BE HELD. No. 6

★

By MARK PRIESTLEY

IT happened before the present hectic onslaught. It was one of those days of lull over the thorny wadis and the wreck-stained sands, one of those quieter days of patrol activity . . . when Rommel went snooping with his candid camera . . . and the man I must call Colonel Johnny Roberts went scouting with his eighty picked Indians.

Destiny, ill-starred but not irrevocable, hung over the desert that day and brought the colonel to Rommel's H.Q. as a prisoner.

"May I take your picture?" he asked the colonel, punctiliously.

"Certainly," said Johnny. "And, in return, may I borrow your field-glasses?"

He explained that it would help to pick up his scattered troops. He never said anything truer.

Rommel is fond of snooping round with his camera and it was his thirst for snapshots that gave a British colonel his chance to escape

The Start of Events

Rommel handed over his binos. And from that tiny incident grew the chain of events that enabled Johnny and his intrepid troops to scoot back into battle.

Through the glasses the colonel spotted the landmark he'd been seeking ever since "Jerry" had grabbed him.

It was a line of Italian telegraph-posts decking a ridge to the south.

"Thanks," said Johnny. "And please may I make a farewell speech to my men?"

"Why not?" rasped Rommel.

Johnny didn't have to explain that he meant to make it a farewell to the Nazis. And Rommel couldn't very well countermand orders when the colonel began making the speech—in unintelligible Urdu.

Not understanding a word of the lingo, the Germans stood round admiringly while Johnny gave his men plain and precise instructions about those telephone lines and arranged a rendezvous where they could all meet at midnight.

Not batting an eyelid, the Indians gave the Nazis no chance to hit on the truth at close range.

After sundown, burrowing like moles under the barricades, they slipped away one by one. Guided by the glint of the moon on the telegraph wires, they were dead on time at the prearranged meeting place.

Johnny had used his eyes—as well as Rommel's "spare eyes"—while he was prisoner.

He knew where a number of captured British lorries had been parked under armed sentry guard.

In the small hours, maybe the sentries nodded. They had no chance to know.

With a noise to awaken the dead—all but the dead sentries—Johnny and his men were off and away.

Next day, *en route* to the British lines, they overtook two German brigades.

What happened? What has happened a hundred times when British prisoners have been in a tight spot?

Mad Bluff

They bluffed. Badly, madly, but successfully. Blowing the lorries' horns, shouting, waving their arms forward, they bluffed away their uniforms and British insignia.

They were allowed to pass!

The German military traffic, being well trained, moved into the side to accede the right of the highway to what appeared to be an important convoy—and Johnny Roberts and his troops raced forward—to freedom!

Wit and nerve—that was their secret. And so often it has been the secret of the men who have returned from the "Missing."

There's a brigadier, one of the All-Blacks Rugby team, who was taken prisoner twice in a day while the battles raged for the Ruweisat Ridge.

Lined up for inspection, he noticed two "Jerries" jump down from an enemy truck. In a flash he was in the driving seat—and stopped only long enough to allow his brother officers to scrimmage on at the back.

A few hours later, while helping out with the wounded, he was captured again.

Khaki is a camouflage born in the sands. From the files of prisoners he dropped to the ground unspotted—and crawled back to the Eighth Army.

"The old-style tricks are the smoothest," as Smiler Brent said just after he'd stemmed off his Oflags for the duration.

Drastic Mistake

Driving into what he assumed to be brigade headquarters, he decided that the staff officers looked a bit queer.

They were, in fact, Germans!

"Don't stop. Drive up to that colonel!" said Smiler to himself, thanking his stars he'd learned to speak German.

Then in his best *Reichswehr* manner he asked where he could fill up his captured British car.

The ruse worked. He filled up with enemy petrol so well that he returned with six gallons still in his tank.

But smoothest, perhaps, was the saga of Lieut. "Mike" Mallett.

Cut off from his unit, he emulated the R.A.F.'s Walk-in Wing and trekked towards Egypt. For eleven nights he trudged under the shimmering sky, hiding up and sleeping by day in the camel-thorn clumps.

With the eleventh night paling, he lay down for his forty winks in a slit trench near what he took for one of those Bedouin encampments that are always so queerly getting mixed up in the desert warfare.

Unfortunately, the "Bedouins" were Italians and their encampment was the well-guarded H.Q. of the Ariete Division.

Mike Mallett didn't have time to get away. To cut the cackle, the Italians handed him over to a German truck driver with instructions to take him to Mersa Matruh. And once again there ensued a comedy of mistaken identity.

The German was none too conversant with Italians. And, being a "back line boy," he'd never seen an Englishman. So he mistook Mike for an Italian and, setting him down at a road branch to Mersa Matruh, told him to walk it.

Mike stepped out—but in the opposite direction. He'd a shrewd suspicion Mersa Matruh was held by the Italians.

In the Cage

Sheltering in a deserted building, unarmed as he was, he stood no chance when the Italians discovered him. And so for the second time Mike found himself in captivity, this time in the prisoners' cage at Mersa Matruh.

Mike quietly determined, with six other officers, to make a break for it. They made themselves some fake weapons with tent pegs and twists of old iron.

They were film props, nothing more. But once the escaping seven were free of the cage and had come across a group of Italian soldiers resting near a truck, the props worked the oracle.

Mike and his friends held up the Italians, seized the truck and emulated Johnny Roberts in driving through the German army into our front lines.

VOICE

"WAIT until you see what a grand cook I've become!" *More and more mothers and wives are reading this breezy challenge in letters from the battlefronts.*

Here's one more from Driver R. Hailstone, R.A.S.C., who writes from North Africa to his parents at Sutton Way, Marfleet Lane, Hull:

In our advance we picked up rations left behind by Jerry, so when we stopped for a breather we found that we had "won" some flour and yeast among other things.

Greatly daring, I said: "I'll make some bread," and the boys agreed, adding that they did not mind suffering in a good cause.

Well, I made some dough, and while it was rising (it did!) I made an oven of two biscuit tins, and then got cracking on the baking.

My loaves were a success!!

The next session I decided to expand the business and make some pastry. I made sausage-rolls, meat-pies and jam-tarts. And they were good. The result is that your son is now famous in these parts as a baker!

Altogether we manage to make our own fun as well as our own bread. Cheerio and keep smiling.

SMASHING THROUGH

That's just a glimpse of the lighter side of war. All the time the relentless job of smashing the enemy goes on. Sapper W. Brooke, who is in the thick of it with Montgomery's Army, writes to his mother at Northolt Grope, Birmingham, 22:

Our company carried on until Jerry was forced to withdraw. We went in first with the Jocks of the Highland Division; and in the other sector the New Zealanders. Believe me, there is not much wrong with our boys.

Our particular job was a pretty stiff one, as we had the responsibility of clearing the minefields which Rommel had so thoughtfully laid out for us.

You can imagine that Jerry rearguards made it hot for us while we were on this ticklish job, but our casualties were very light.

Things are now a bit easier and Rommel and his boys are running pretty fast. . . . I can't see how the Germans and Italians are going to get away out of this bit of country now.

We shall drive them into the sea. Certainly the Italians have no heart in their job, and they only begin to look cheerful when taken as prisoners.

We are now camped on the beach, about a hundred yards from the sea.

As I lay awake at night I sometimes wish it was the rumble of the last 'bus from Birmingham that I hear, instead of the roar of the Mediterranean breaking on the beach.

HAVE YOU NOTICED?

HAVE you noticed that so often the things that turn out best are things which we resented and about which we were distressed. And those roads we thought so lonely become peopled with joys and friends, and Life's catastrophes hold moments which proved to be godsends.

HAVE you noticed those lonely hours which we thought we couldn't bear, held some of our greatest moments, for we found Our Saviour there. And missing things we'd longed for we found something greater still. But all Life's views are lovelier, when we've bravely climbed Life's hill.

HAVE you noticed that days we've dreaded and were so sure we couldn't face, when they came, held hidden in them moments of lasting grace? Because they brought us glories that we had never seen. Oh, how often the things-that-are-to-be outstrip the things-that-might-have-been!

HAVE you noticed how Life seems careless of those who scheme and plan? For they miss the loveliness at hand while morbidly they scan the outline of the future, which so different proves to be, when it's filled in with Life's light and shade, and framed in God's Clemency.

J. M.

OF T

Have you an Interesti
relative in the Forces!
will be paid for each o
more if a good adventur
greater length—and all
turned. 10s. 6d. for R
Address all letters to "
BULL, 93, Long Acre,

THE MAIL T

This letter will give
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Cliff, in North Africa,
Bunff Road, Salford, M

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READERS' IN A SENT

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thiser," Elland Road,

OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

THE MAIL TRAIN

This letter will give an idea of the big job it is, sometimes, to get the mail through. It is from Sapper E. T. Cliff, in North Africa, to his wife at Banff Road, Salford, Manchester:

Owing to a hitch in ordinary transport arrangements, I had to go as courier on pack train to bring in the mail. The engine is an early George Stephenson model, with Heath Robinson improvements of a later date.

Away our train hurtled at a breakneck speed of ten miles an hour, through isolate swamps and frowning hills.

At first I travelled on an open wagon, but it was so cold that I finished the journey in the cab of the engine with the driver and stoker, and was then soon thoroughly cooked with the heat and steam.

At one point we came to a slight gradient and, believe me, it took our engine no fewer than seven attempts to make the climb.

We had to keep on running back a mile, and then making a dash at it. After an hour of this "try, try again" system of progress we managed to get to the top of the gradient, and the rest was easy.

However, we got the mail back to the boys. The Postal Unit always gets through!

When they're not chasing Romnel the boys find time to do a little marketing

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

ARE we getting soft towards Italian prisoners of war? In this district they are taken to work in a luxury coach, while workmen employed on aerodrome construction have to travel on an old lorry with only a canvas cover.—F. W. Parish, ...

★ ★ ★

I have recently bought a kettle, a hot-water bottle, and an oil-can. Each one was faulty, and had to be soldered before use. Low-grade articles at high prices are a scandal.—"Housewife," Abergele.

★ ★ ★

Hotel guests who stay four nights a week still get coupon-free rations for this period while drawing their full week's rations at home. No wonder hotels are crowded! What about it, Lord Woolton?—J. Turvey, Farnham, Surrey.

★ ★ ★

Thousands of miners depend on cycles to get them to and from work, yet it is impossible for them to get cycle-lamp batteries. They risk their lives daily at work; can we afford to let them risk their lives riding without lamps in the black-out? Also they risk prosecution for having no light. — "Sympathiser," Elland Road, Leeds.

ROBINSON CRUSOES

A human little "snapshot" from Pte. W. Ray, who is with Persia and Iraq Forces—sent to his mother at Calverley Bridge, Rodley, Leeds:

Last night Fred and I had to repair the side of the tent, which was letting in both the wind and the rain. Then we made a lampshade out of an old tin, so that the light from our lamp is now reflected and lights up the whole tent. Most ingenious we are!

And Arthur is trying to make a writing desk with six bits of wood, a few nails and a jack-knife. At the moment he is deep in thought puzzling out a problem of construction. His writing desk may finish up as a rabbit hutch, but Arthur is a tryer.

This Saturday night everyone in the tent seems to be writing home, and probably wondering if their people have gone to the pictures, or are sitting round the fire.

Well, don't worry about me, I'm doing fine.

TRAVELLING HEN

Apparently the boys in North Africa don't let the egg shortage beat them. Driver R. Gasson tells his wife at Boycroft Avenue, Kingsbury, N.W.9:

The natives stopped us and tried to sell us some eggs, but we explained with a wealth of gesture that we wanted a hen. We finished up by drawing fowls on the side of the lorry, and then we were understood.

After much haggling we bought the hen, the money being raised by subscriptions all round.

Then we continued our journey, the hen, which had been christened Matilda, riding in the cabin of the lorry.

On the third day Matilda was a bit troublesome, trying to walk all over us.

Then, as we were driving along I heard a faint click . . . turning round I saw an egg lying on the floor of the truck! Matilda had shown what she could do!

Perhaps she is the only hen to have laid while travelling in an Army lorry at forty m.p.h. in the desert.

2s. 6d. HAIRCUT!

Serving at sea, A.B. Norman Walters finds that calling at ports isn't all joy. He writes to a friend at Balham Hill, London, S.W.:

They must think we are millionaires in this place! Haircuts at half-a-crown, and the price of a shampoo makes you gasp.

We have dealt with the barbering problem by all of us having a go at cutting one another's hair. Results are both weird and wonderful. However, by a process of elimination we hope to find a ship's barber.

I have taken to fishing here with a hook and line of my own making. Any kind of bait seems successful and the fish almost beg to be caught.

Owing to sharks making an unexpected appearance, swimming from the ship, once so popular, has lost its attraction.

★ If you are in doubt write to Humanist, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

"Perhaps it is safer to let women continue the orgy of Spring-cleaning"

ANNUAL PUZZLES OF SPRING CLEANING WHIRL

By HUMANIST

OUR comedians have recently revived the joke about the soldier who asked to cancel his leave because his wife was starting the Spring-cleaning.

"The annual business of turning the house upside-down and inside-out is beginning," *writes a man.* **"I have a theory that the human male is a conservative animal. He likes things to remain as they are for ever. But his partner is a revolutionary and wants to change everything.**

"If she can't have a new carpet and a different wall-paper she will move the furniture round. At this time of the year she develops a reforming energy.

"She will crave for new clothes. And if she can't have a different husband she will try to alter the one she has got!

"I believe this may explain the fascination which our soldier allies have for British women. They are a change—and so much more romantic. I'm not blaming the women; it is the way they are made.

"But if ever women get a majority of seats in Parliament, what will happen to our century-old legislation? Perhaps it is safer to let them continue the orgy of Spring-cleaning.

"Among my numerous male friends none of them likes it, but they all endure it with varying degrees of patience. Do you know a man who likes it?"

The reader has put only one side of the story. When I quoted a letter from a gunner's wife who exchanged letters with her husband every day, I received dozens of letters from soldiers and their wives saying they all did the same, and that since the day of joining up they had never missed a post.

Then I quoted another letter a short time ago about the man who was such a "dumb" lover, and almost immediately I received the following:

"I can assure you, Humanist, that this particular sort of man makes a really good husband and father," *wrote a woman reader.* **"I know because I married one, and my sister has another.**

"My man had been going out with me for three months before he kissed me. We used to walk together with hardly a word for hours on end.

"But his letters were written from the heart, and I used to read them over and over after our evenings of silence. He just lives for me and the children. We have never had a quarrel in the fourteen years of our married life.

"If I could have my time over again I would still have the same quiet man.

"In my experience, the shy men make up their minds and do a thing, but the talkative ones only talk about it."

Well, there is nothing revolutionary about that British wife, and I imagine many others could say the same.

As for the so-called orgy of Spring-cleaning which perturbs the writer of the first letter, I think it is part of nature. The whole land undergoes a transformation in Springtime, and, after a long winter, isn't it a pleasant change?

NEXT problem is one about which there will be some strong differences of opinion.

"My sister and I have always been the best of friends," *writes a girl,* **"and we had no secrets from one another. She was engaged to a young and attractive man and was very happy. Now, against my will, and against his, we have fallen in love.**

"To spare my sister, we have not told her the truth. We thought she would feel the blow less if he broke off his engagement first of all.

"Later on, when she had got over the disappointment, we could eventually break the news to her. In the meantime we agreed not to meet.

"Several months have passed, and my sister has not recovered from her loss.

"She was terribly in love and seems to have lost all interest in life. Her health is suffering, too. The man is in the Army and expects to go abroad shortly. He has written begging me to marry him before he leaves.

"If I do this I am afraid of the effect of such news on my sister, and our good friendship would be destroyed for ever. I am very fond of her, but if I refuse to marry, the man I love will go away unhappy, perhaps never to return.

It is not an easy problem. Whether she marries or not, the sister is going to continue being unhappy. Sooner or later the truth must come out and I see no way of preserving the old friendship between the two girls.

It may be—who knows?—that the full truth will hurt less than the jilting itself. To the sufferer it may be the clue to the mystery. She may accept it with courage and reconcile herself to the inevitable. She may; but one cannot be sure.

If a girl merely "steals" her sister's *fiancé* there is bound to be bitter reproach; but if the sister realises that there was no thought of "stealing"—that the thing just happened and there was no stopping it—she should be able to do what every other jilted girl has to do.

I think the marriage should take place. What do other readers think?

RUBBER WISDOM

THE need to conserve rubber of all kinds cannot be emphasised too strongly.

War demands are ever-increasing and it is imperative that nothing should now impede our efforts.

Apart from collecting every available piece of scrap rubber, we must be careful to avoid any kind of waste.

This applies especially to road users, for a little extra care and forethought can effect tremendous saving in wear-and-tear on tyres.

Sudden braking or acceleration both put added strain on tyres, and should be avoided. And it is more economical to have tyres retreaded before they have worn too far. The co-operation of all road users is vital in the National campaign to conserve rubber supplies.

FOOD FACTS

POINTS GUIDE April 4th —May 1st

BISCUITS: Plain 1 point per lb. Sweet 4 points. Chocolate 8 points. (Broken biscuits half these points a lb.)

CEREALS: 2, 3 or 4 points per pack according to size. Rolled Oats (loose or packed) 1 point per 8 oz.

CONDENSED MILK: Full cream sweetened 4 or 8 points according to size. Full cream unsweetened; Skimmed, 1 or 2 points according to size.

FISH (*canned*): Crawfish 24 points per lb., Herring, Mackerel, Pilchards 1's oval 6 points, 1's tall 4 points, ½'s oval and round 3 points, 5 oz. 2 points. Salmon (Grade 1 and 2) 1's tall and flat 32 points, ½'s flat 20 points, ¼'s flat 10 points. Grade 3 — 1's tall and flat, ½'s flat 4 points, ¼'s flat 2 points. Sardines (U.S.A. or Canadian) 2 points per tin. Portuguese, 3-7 points usual sizes, 10-36 points large sizes. For point values of other fish see the Ministry of Food's *Retail Price List*.

FRUIT: Large tins 12 points, medium 9 points, small 6 points.

FRUIT (*dried*): Prunes 4 points a lb. Figs 6 points. Dates 12 points. Sultanas, Currants and any other dried fruit, 16 points.

MEAT (*canned*): Minced loaf 18 points per 12 oz. Pork Sausage Meat 9 points per 1½ lb. Stewed Steak 24 points per lb. Canned Rabbit 20 points per lb. Ready or prepared meals 8 points per lb. Tongues, Briskets, Pressed Beef 24 points per 12 oz. Lunch Meat, Pork or Ham Loaf 18 points per 12 oz. Other sizes 24 points upwards. Lunch Meat sliced 16 points per lb. Meat Roll or Galantine 1, 4 or 5 points, according to size, sliced 2 points per lb.

PEAS, BEANS, LENTILS (*dried*): Haricot Beans 1 point a lb. Lentils, Split Peas, Peas, 2 points.

RICE, Sago, Tapioca, 4 points per lb.
Treacle, Syrup, 8 points a lb.

VEGETABLES (*canned*): Beans baked in Tomato Sauce, 2-8 points, according to size. Peas A2½, A2, A1 (tall) tins, 4 points. E1 and A1, 3 points. Tomatoes (where available) 3-9 points according to size.

The total number of points per person remains at 20, A—1 B—2 C—2

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT!

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 144

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Like other good things, 'Camp' is scarce, but it's worth a little patience, so ask your grocer to let you have a bottle whenever he can.

When you're tired after a heavy day or when you are starting early to work a good hot cup of 'Camp' Coffee does help. It's so warming and stimulating.

'CAMP' COFFEE

Full Strength—Fine Flavour

LAST LAUGH

E. H. (Hornsey).—"There are very few door-to-door salesmen nowadays." Even the most persuasive of them have realised that housewives will *not* part with their vacuum-cleaners.

T. T. (Barnsley).—"When my wife lived with me I spoiled her by giving her far too much rope." So she skipped?

Bos (Chester).—"Can a woman take a joke?" Look round at the married women you know—and their partners—and decide for yourself.

H. K. (Stockport).—"What I have been arguing for many years is proved, and my family are surprised." We guess you are, too.

HOUSEWIFE (London, N.).—"I have invented a vegetable soup, quite unrationed, and thick enough for a spoon to stand up in." Who carves? Father?

H. P. (Hythe).—"I heard an American soldier declare that darts is a whale of a game." It is. Especially played with harpoons.

A. P. (Felixstowe).—"My wife is a clever ventriloquist." You must be amazed sometimes to hear yourself suggest that she really should have a new hat.

G. L. (Kenton).—"A man acquires tact—he is not born with it." True. Study a baby. When he opens his mouth he generally puts his foot in it.

D. W. (Ashford).—"There is a drive for non-ferrous scrap metal, including name-plates, ornaments and similar articles." It is hoped that a lead will be given by retired generals willing to contribute their old brass hats.

T. T. (Rochester).—"I was looking through a book of recipes the other day and there was one describing how to make a peach cordial." A good method if you can get hold of the ingredients is to give her a cocktail or a box of chocolates.

D. B. (Camden.)—"At breakfast my wife struck me playfully on the head with a spoon, and as I am bald it was very painful." Perhaps she is short-sighted and mistook you for a boiled egg.

K. M. (Isleworth).—"When visiting London I always keep my wallet strapped under my arm." This should baffle pickpockets—especially if you are ticklish.

N. T. (Andover).—"Since the war began, I have had two meatless dinners every week." We can't get sausages so often as that.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Come on! Out with it! 'ow the 'ell did you know Flying Fortresses was around 'ere?"

Side-Slips

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE:—". . . "and police inquiries led to six fowls and three cockerels being RACED."

EXPRESS AND STAR:—"Alderman H——, congratulating the LICENSES, said their record was particularly good having regard to the fact that a number of them are women."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—". . . was bleeding profusely from the THREAT and wrist. . . ."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—". . . but he retained control and returned to base through tropical STORES."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—". . . take out a trench about 5 in. DEEP and a little more in DEPTH."

EVENING STANDARD:—"I went to his farm to meet these gipsies. Their name is S—— and there are NONE of them."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Albert Jackson joined the Army in 1906, and served throughout the last war, being wounded three times. In August, 1939, he joined the R.A.F., but in November of that year was discharged, in order to work in a coal mine.

For the past twelve months, however, this man has been ailing, and unable to work at all for nine weeks.

He has a wife and little girl of twelve to support. Their only son was killed in action in October, 1941.

Owing to this man's continual illness, rent and furniture payments are in arrears. Eviction is threatened unless arrears of rent—amounting to just over £3—are paid.

We are assured that this applicant is sober and honest, and we feel confident that our readers will subscribe more than sufficient to pay this sick man's trivial debts. Donations earmarked "Miner," or for our General Fund*, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send their donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny received is passed to those in need.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

THIS WEEK'S CASH WINNERS

1st PRIZE £100—'BULLETS' 1,368

T. Reid, 125, Morrison Street, Edinburgh, for this "Bullet":—

WINGS FOR VICTORY
2d WIFE "PASSED HAT."

£20: R. S. Hunter, 13, Lyndhurst Rd., Whitley Bay.
The Old, Old Alliance—"Blond Beast"—"Dark Angel."

£10: J. E. Nixon, Police Station, Winsford, Cheshire.
Just As Dad—Broke *Garden's* Back—Lumbago!

£5: Miss E. Ball, 1, Woodside Avenue, Preston.
The Old, Old Tale—Germany's Declaring *Britain* "Author."

£4: Gnr. J. Townshend, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Into The Jaws Of Death—Parachutist—Hearing Dad's Guinea!

£3: M. Dodds, 113, Wall St., Camelon, Falkirk.
At Our Canteen Concert—Sergeant's "Because—" Invoked "Why?"

CASH & CAKES SEE OFFERS NEXT PAGE

£2: A. Sachs, Hillview Bungalow, 71, Whaddon Rd., Cheltenham.
Thrice Armed Is He Who—Fires Back "He-does!" Apparently.

20s.: J. S. Mason, "Eyecroft," Wonder.
Round The Clock—"Hours" In *Motherhood's* "Office."

20s.: A. M. Johnston, 16, Johnston Ter., Edinburgh.
Does For Tommy—Same Salt, Sender. Remember!

20s.: J. Ogilvie, "Hillview," Kingsmuir, Forfar.
Hitler's Weakness—And Dad's, "Race Theory."

20s.: E. R. Marshall, 7, Copsall St., Hurlton, London, N.1.
A Little Misunderstanding—"Hi-de-hi?" Oh Dear, No!

20s.: G. R. Allen, 19, Kingsbridge Rd., Bishops Stortford.
With A Little Shrug—Taxpayer Adjusts Additional "Burden."

A list of 25 Winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

5 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD 320

WINNING WORDS: 1. Serge. 2. Valse. 3. Farr. 4. Child. 5. Rote. 6. Robe. 7. Swamp. 8. Slain. 9. Cup. 10. Steps. 11. Seam. 12. Slot. 13. Tramp. 14. Rock.

4280 SHARERS: Cpl. J. Brandon, Somewhere in Britain; G. F. Clowes, 6, Johnson St., Hyde Rd., Gorton, Manchester; F. S. Day, North End Cottage, Mamsey, Lewes; W. Dunbar, 1, Camelot Place, Newport, Mon.; T. O. Evans, 35, Pen-y-wain Rd., Cardiff. Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 17 entrants.

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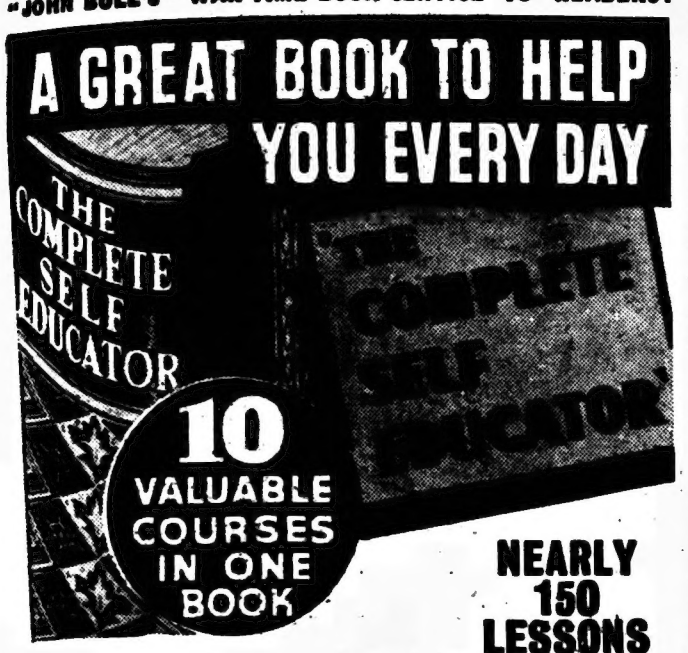

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S.E.

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Dear Sirs,
My little boy developed a terrible rash all over his body, the irritation was awful. Then suddenly I thought of GERMOLENE. Within a week he was cured, and thanks to GERMOLENE he is a happy little fellow again.
Mrs. R. T., Ripley.

Germolene is good for all kinds of skin troubles such as Eczema, Skin Rash, Irritation, Inflammation, Leg Trouble, Cuts, Burns, Wounds. It soothes at a touch and ends irritation immediately.

Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 3/3 Per Tin

Nerves and Digestion? ...more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times: if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure* 'LIVE' *Yeast.*

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Phillips TONIC YEAST —It's *LIFE ITSELF!*

WIN a GOLDEN EASTER EGG!

£100 FIRST PRIZE

RUNNERS-UP £25

50 4lb. FRUIT CAKES one with each prize val. 12/6 or over

Xword No. 320 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d. Entry-fee for 1 Col.				3d.	3d.	3d.
1 NOT MUCH BIG STUFF CAN GET THROUGH THIS	S	I	E		E					
2 MOST CHILDREN EXPECT MOTHER TO REMOVE THESE			A		H	E	S			
3 YOU MAY JUDGE BLOW TO BE HEAVY FROM	T	H	U							
4 THREE ARE OFTEN WORKED TOGETHER IN FACTORY		S	H		F	T	S			
5 IS APT TO BE STARCHY	S	A	G							
6 THE WEARING OF A UNIFORM BECOMES					A	G	E			
7 THERE'S USUALLY LESS HOPE FOR AN OLD MAN WHEN HE GETS			S		C	K				
8 MAY BE SUCCESSFUL WHEN MORE DIRECT METHOD HAS FAILED	T	A	C							
9 ACCOUNTS OF ONE SHOULD BE ACCURATE					A	R				
10 IT'S ANNOYING WHEN MEN WHO DO THIS COME A CROPPER	V	A	U		T					
11 ACCIDENT MAY WELL HAPPEN IF PARTY VENTURES ON ONE			S		R	E	E			
12 RIDDLES NATURALLY DON'T LIKE BEING THIS	S	O	A		E	D				
13 SPRING HELPS YOU TO DO THIS					E	A	P			
14 PUT UPON PARTICULAR PART OF CAMERA	F	I	N		E	R				

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated May 8.

P.O. Value ..... EXTRA DAY TO WIN

No. ..... Closing Postmark—Tues. Ap. 27

Signed .....

Address .....

324

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £75 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullet in charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated May 15, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES £50 1st PRIZE VALUE OVER £200 BULLETS 2, 3 or 4 WORDS! £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 25 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES 1,000 MENT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES" TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, May 7.

ALL NATIONS
HOUR OF DELIVERANCE
HARD-WON VICTORY
FATHER'S BUDGET
NAZI PRISONER
WITHOUT A FUTURE
THING THAT'S CERTAIN
IT'S TOTAL WAR, YET
TOO MUCH MONEY
HOW THEY DO IT
THE BIG DRUM

HOLLOW MOCKERY
TO REBUILD SOCIETY
HONESTY'S THE BEST POLICY, SO
FOOLS BELIEVE
READY FOR US
FAITHFUL FOLLOWER
UTTERLY DESTROYED
COUNTING HIS CHICKENS
SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

UP CAME A ..... AND
IGNORING THE .....
SIGN OF .....
MIGHT BE .....
TOO GOOD FOR .....
WHERE THERE'S A .....

EXTRA DAY TO WIN See date on Coupon

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated May 8.

P.O. Value.....

No. ..... Closing 1,372 Postmark Tuesday April

Signed .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTR

...rd No. 194, "JOHN ...ON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EVERY CHILD NEEDS A SPRING CLEAN

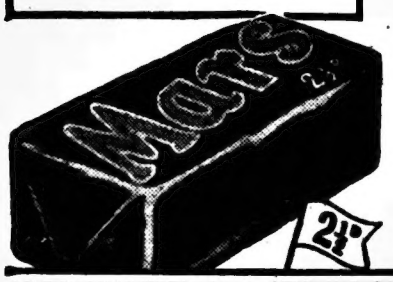
Pimples and spots on the face humiliate a child and leave nasty scars. They are sure signs that the bowels are clogged with sour, bilious poisons which inflame the blood.

There is nothing like 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Get a bottle to-day and give the little one a dose at bedtime. In the morning the bowels will act perfectly; gently yet thoroughly removing the poisonous waste. Continue 'California Syrup of Figs' for a few nights, and the skin will be clear, fresh, glowing with a beautiful healthy colour. Better still, you will see a wonderful improvement in the child's health. For 'California Syrup of Figs' is a natural health-giving, invigorating, blood-purifying laxative.

Doctors and nurses recommend 'California Syrup of Figs.' Obtainable everywhere, 1/4 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

A FATIGUE THEY'D LIKE TO DO EVERY DAY

COMPARE THE ENERGY VALUES!	CALORIES (for energy)
1 glass o. Milk	169
1 Egg	70
1 slice of Bread	100
1 Lamb Chop	178
1 MARS	213



When you're as fighting fit as the men in the Services you need the kind of energy Mars gives you. As the chart shows, Mars is packed with more energy than lots of other good things. It's made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, separated milk to nourish. And you can make its delicious goodness last a long time—by cutting each bar into slices.

3 reasons for using Harpic to clean the lavatory

1 EASY TO USE
To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH
Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL
Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration — it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

HARPIC

THEY DON'T COUNT THE EXTRA HARDSHIPS

WILL YOU GIVE AN EXTRA PENNY EACH WEEK TO THE RED CROSS PENNY-A-WEEK FUND?

No extra hazard daunts the men who fight for us. We must be ready to supply extra care and comforts for those who are wounded. That is why we are asking you for an *extra* penny a week for the growing work of the Red Cross & St. John. May we count on your help?

★*A quarter of every Penny-a-Week contribution goes to Help Russia*

Red Cross & St. John Fund, registered under the War Charities Act, 1941

All Who Tried Them Told Me

I WAS RIGHT!

Bridgwater.

Dear Sirs, February 27th, 1943.

I always keep some Yeast-Vite Tablets in the house; if I feel the least bit under the weather they make a new fellow of me. Especially valuable are they now when long hours are worked under these war-time conditions. To me they are the Elixir of Life and Good Bounding Health.

I have told others who suffered of your simply wonderful Yeast-Vite Tablets, and all who have tried them have told me I was right. They clear the blood stream better than anything else I have ever heard of or tried, and goodness knows I tried a lot before I found the right thing—Yeast-Vite.

Assuring you of my unbounded faith in your remedy for run-down conditions.

Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) [illegible]

Bournemouth,
February 17th, 1943.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and tell you how grateful I am to Yeast-Vite.

At one time my nerves were very bad. I could not sleep at night. One morning when I was reading my paper I saw your advertisement so I thought I would try a bottle and it did wonders for me? After three weeks I felt a new woman. I also tell my friends about Yeast-Vite Tablets.

(Sgd.) Mrs. R. S.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/6 and 3/3 per bottle, including purchase tax. Do not blame your chemist if he is temporarily out of stock, he is doing his best in these difficult days of limited supplies and restricted transport.

[illegible] Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

A Lovely FIGURE for SPRING

THAT longed-for slenderness can be yours this springtime, together with a new feeling of youth and vitality, with the help of nightly Bile Beans.

Purely vegetable, Bile Beans can be taken regularly with perfect safety. They tone you up, cleanse the system of Winter impurities and daily eliminate fat-forming residue. Thus Bile Beans clear your skin, improve your figure, and bring radiant health.

Don't Forget Nightly

BILE BEANS

Venereal Diseases

plain speaking

"It is very important under present conditions that the public should know of the existence of venereal disease; their prevalence in war-time; how they are caused; the urgent necessity for early treatment; and where advice and treatment can be obtained."—THE MINISTER OF HEALTH.

1. Venereal Diseases have increased since the war and are still increasing; 70,000 new cases are now occurring yearly among civilians alone. Venereal diseases cause muchmisery. They bring tragedy into many homes, and considerably damage our war effort by causing reduced efficiency and wasted hours.

2. Ignorance and secrecy are highly dangerous. Only from a plain and frank statement of the facts can we all know what these diseases are, how they are spread, how they can be avoided and how and where they can be cured.

3. The two principal venereal diseases are syphilis and gonorrhœa. They are caused by quite different living organisms or germs.

4. Syphilis is a dangerous, a killing disease. If not treated early and thoroughly by a doctor it can cause serious mutilation, heart disease, paralysis, and insanity. Syphilis can be passed on to an unborn child from its mother and (unless skilled treatment is given early in pregnancy) is one of the causes of blindness, deafness, and mental defects.

5. Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous to life, is more serious than is generally believed, and is one of the causes of arthritis, sterility, and chronic ill-health.

6. Syphilis and gonorrhœa are almost always contracted through intercourse with an infected person. The germs of these diseases quickly die outside the human body. In practice, therefore, there is no need to fear their spread by accidental infection.

7. Professional prostitutes are not the only source of infection. Any free-and-easy sex behaviour must mean a risk of infection and cannot be made safe. Clean living is the only way to escape infection —abstinence is not harmful.

8. Venereal diseases can be cured if treated *early* by a specialist doctor. Advice and treatmen: are available at the clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils for the purpose. Treatment is free, confidential and *effective*. Any family doctor or Medical Officer of Health will give the address of the nearest clinic. Quack treatment or self-treatment is absolutely useless and may even be disastrous.

9. Disappearance of the early symptoms does not necessarily mean that the patient has been cured. It is essential to continue the treatment until the doctor says it may be stopped.

10. Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect infection should seek medical treatment AT ONCE. A doctor or clinic should be consulted immediately about any suspicious sore or unusual discharge. It may not be venereal disease, but it is best to be sure.

These are the signs The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer on or near the reproductive organs. It appears from 10 to 90 days after infection; usually about three weeks. Gonorrhœa first shows itself as a discharge from the reproductive organs and usually appears from 2 to 10 days after infection.

Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the local Health Department, or from the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. (Phone: Euston 3341).

Issued by The Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education (V.D.2-43)

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